

The

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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

This "Prime" Minister

England Arise! And KNOW what to do

So that there may be no mistake, this is the telegram which I sent to the Prime Minister on April 6th. There is a rumour going round that the reason the Prime Minister could not accept my offer was because I made impossible conditions. This is **ABSOLUTELY FALSE**. I made **NO CONDITIONS**—excepting the condition that the £200,000 was to be spent on the **DEFENCE OF LONDON**.

LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

I ALONE have dared to point out the dire need and necessity for an Air Defence for London. You have muzzled others who have deplored this shameful neglect—for London is the only Capital in Europe without any Air Defence—and for the last four months my Offer of £200,000 to supply this crying need has been before you and your Government but has been ignored because I have spoken the Truth about you—your amour propre being of more importance in your own eyes than the safety of London.

THEREFORE, with my heart full of sorrow and despair I am, at last, forced to withdraw this Offer. You have treated my patriotic gesture with a contempt such as no other Government in the World would or could have been guilty of towards a Patriot.

YOU have flippantly behaved as if my Offer was a personal matter—only concerning yourself—but the safety of London is of the gravest National importance to every Englishman and Englishwoman the wide world over and as such the Prime Minister of England ought to consider it.

On the 7th of April—THIS "PRIME" MINISTER ACTUALLY HAD THE COLOSSAL IMPERTINENCE TO TELL YOU—YOU MUST BE AIR MINDED!!!!

Notes of the Week

An Eye for an Eye

The apostles of scuttle in India are not having a rosy time so far as events in that country are concerned. The Congress Party will have none of the India White Paper proposals, or say they will not, because, whatever happens, they intend to wreak mischief. The attempt to assassinate Sir John Anderson, Governor of Bengal, was frustrated almost by Providence, but opinion at home will harden yet more when it sees that intimidation and assassination are the weapons of the very people Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare are attempting to conciliate. The only way to rule India is the way Orientals understand, by stern reprisals and, when needed, strong force. They would understand if a list of a hundred leading Congress wallahs was prepared and they were made hostages for the safety of British subjects. For each brutal assassination the next Congress name on the list would be shot, and so on.

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Midnapur—the Murder Spot

Bengal has always been the centre of Indian anarchism, and the last few years have witnessed a series of assassinations and attempts at assassination of Europeans and of Indians loyal to the British Raj. Midnapur has the unenviable distinction of being the scene of the murders of three District Magistrates. But the assassin walks abroad all over the province, and his victims in the last four years have included no less than ten Europeans, six Hindus and three Mahomedans killed, and ten Europeans, fifteen Hindus and six Mahomedans wounded. Attempts on the Governor of the province have been frequently made from Sir Andrew Fraser's day down to more recent times. And this is not the first occasion on which Sir John Anderson's life has been threatened since he succeeded Sir Stanley Jackson as Governor, for less than a year ago an effort was made to blow up the special train in which he was travelling.

One of Sir John's first tasks as Governor was to take steps to deal with the terrorist menace. But he has also displayed the keenest interest in all measures likely to promote the economic welfare of the province over which he rules. The Bengal anarchist, however, does not concern himself with the merits of the particular victim he selects for his bullet or his bomb. His one purpose is to create such terror as will, he thinks, bring about the breakdown of British administration. What he has never understood is British psychology.

MacDonald's Clown

So Mr. "Jim" Thomas has got to face up to the Conservative 1922 Committee next Monday, and answer to his facetious and ill-timed jests or japes in regard to New Zealand's snub by the Minister of the Dominions. Mr. Thomas is an interesting problem to psychologists. He is the delight of cartoonists and always occupies a prominent position in the limelight because, with his fat cigar, his big spectacles, his grin, and his boiled shirt with a huge diamond glittering, he looks like the popular idea of a genial publican.

As a statesman he is of no importance at all. His only act of administration that comes to our mind was the belief that he used all his influence to get the M.C.C. to climb down to Australia and throw overboard Mr. D. R. Jardine. A man of the people, his only real claim to a seat in the "National" Government is that he is a buffoon who is always ready with a smoking-room story, which his friend Mr. Ramsay MacDonald seems to like. Such is the democratic way to "National" fame!

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Quota Quibbles

More, and even more, are the public showing their detestation of the quibbles in regard to Trade Pacts, quotas, the deals tying our hands carried out by Mr. Runciman, who was placed in his post as President of the Board of Trade by the consent, if not the initiative, of Mr. Baldwin. The quotas to be given Japan in the home market and in the Colonies are another evasive step and will put another nail in the coffin of the present Government.

The public show to-day that they want full protection and tariffs on foreign goods and not a half-and-half measure to allow Mr. Runciman, Mr. MacDonald and the rest to save their faces. How strange that industry, food production and British wealth should all be jeopardised because certain Ministers nobody wants shrink from being accused of changing their coats and political colour. After all, changing coats and being adepts at buffoonery seem to be the main qualities to "National" eminence.

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"National" Government

Those awful hecklers! One of them asked Lord Scone the other day at a meeting of Mr. Macnamara's, the Conservative candidate for the Upton Division of West Ham, "if it is true that Mr. MacDonald led the country to ruin as head of the Socialist Government, how can he lead the National Government to prosperity?" Lord Scone confessed that "Mr. MacDonald has seen the error of his ways." As the remark was greeted with ribald laughter, evidently the story of the Prodigal did not appeal. Anyway, it is

something to see that up and down the country British electors are becoming alive to the growing absurdity of a Government which is based on a collection of politicians who can only agree to differ among themselves, and possess no guiding principle at all except the driving force of fear, which inevitably drives in the wrong direction. Mr. MacDonald will see the error of his ways only when he has ruined the Conservative cause and they turn on him.

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The First Lord Cromer

Of all the great men who have been content to serve the Empire in exile abroad, the first Lord Cromer was undoubtedly the greatest. The only fault which has ever been charged against him by his critics is that he thought more of the House of Baring than the British Empire. It is unfortunately true that he left his post on leave to return to London at a critical point in the fate of Khartoum, thus leaving it open for people to say that he deserted poor General Gordon in order to carry through some financial transaction in London for his family house. What, however, is undoubted is that his rule in Egypt was of great benefit both to that country and to England. He was almost regarded as a god by the Egyptians, and he exercised that sway which can always be obtained over Orientals by an Englishman of clear and resolute purpose and of proved integrity. Many sneers were levelled by Mr. Labouchere and other radicals at our rule over Egypt, which were the main justification used by Mr. Lloyd George subsequently for scuttling out of that valuable acquisition. But no one ever dared to hint that Lord Cromer ever made a penny for himself out of his Agent-Generalship. He made, however, the mistake of taking General Gordon as a lunatic, and we all know the tragic result. With a little tact and sympathy Gordon could have been managed perfectly, but to provoke him to appear, as he did, with an armful of quotations from the Bible was fatal. The second and present Lord Cromer cannot be described as a degenerate Neoptolemus; but at the same time he is very much his father's inferior in administrative ability. He is the King's Lord Chamberlain, and the censor of plays; but Heaven knows why he has been appointed as the President of the M.C.C.

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Drivel

Mr. Adrian Stokes' friends are very pleased with the courage which that veteran Academician showed at the Royal Academy Banquet. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was patting himself on the back and incidentally congratulating his "colleagues" of the "National" Government, much to the boredom of his listeners. Mr. Adrian Stokes stood it as long as he could, but at last he could stand it no longer and interjected a question,

"Why not say something in praise of the present exhibition?" The sympathy of every artist who really cares for his art was with him. Why should Academicians care two hoots for the Premier's laboured protestations about the virtues of his Government? They are all old enough to remember the War and the Premier's War record.

As in duty bound, the Academy reprimanded Mr. Adrian Stokes for his defence of Art against humbug. "The fellow was drivelling," said the Academician in an interview, and the agreement of his brother artists has more than compensated him for the solemn reprimand issued by the Royal Academy. Was there ever a more pretentious and idiotic sentence than that in the Premier's speech which wrecked Mr. Stokes' patience: "Even when the lean kine were browsing on our fields, the Government acted so that our children and our children's children would turn to the purchase of these holy treasures and bless this generation for having made them."

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"Very Serious Crisis"

If the short debate on Disarmament in the House of Lords on Monday was not particularly informative as regards details, it at least confirmed, broadly speaking, the view expressed elsewhere in this issue that the Conference will assemble at Geneva on May 29 only to register its own demise, and an end be put at last to those absurd exercises in futility that have wasted so much time for more than two years. It was the certainty that "finished" was to be pronounced over the Conference which made even so determined an optimist as Lord Cecil say that we had reached a "very serious crisis in international affairs."

Lord Stanhope, speaking for the Government, made the situation definitely clearer when he said that France was not prepared to accept the Government's disarmament proposals, with or without guarantees. In other words, France has made up her mind to stop the farce. She might have done so sooner, with great advantage to herself, for the move comes undoubtedly somewhat late in the day. Germany has re-armed.

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Fixing the Blame

It is not often that we find ourselves in agreement with Lord Ponsonby, but we cannot but concur, though on quite different grounds, when he described the disarmament policy of our Government as "vague, uncertain, equivocal and indeterminate." Under the inept leadership of Ramsay MacDonald and Stanley Baldwin—it's not the other way about, though that evidently would have made no difference—the Government's policy has been all that—and worse, infinitely worse, for the frightful result is to leave our country open to attack as never before. They

spoke of the edge of risk, apparently quite blind that it might be the edge of doom.

The world being what it is and nations and men what they are, with nothing approaching a genuine world-collectivity in sight, *pace* the League, there never was any real chance of the success of the Disarmament Conference in a worth-while way. What made it absolutely certain that nothing could be achieved was the fact, which should have been grasped by the Government, that Europe, shortly after the first fond, foolish meetings of the Conference, moved from a post-war to a pre-war mentality under the ferocious impact of resurgent Germany with Hitler at its head. Our Government could not or, rather, would not see it—and the blame rests with it.

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The London Treaty

Last week we noted that the King of Italy, in opening the Italian Parliament, said that, while Italy sincerely and ardently desired peace, she found the best guarantee of it in her armed forces. No nonsense there! Mussolini is no silly pacifist. This week it is announced that Italy is to expend the equivalent of six millions of our money on building up her navy. The United States and Japan are feverishly building up their navies, and, moreover, Japan has intimated that the London Treaty no longer contents her—a mild way of putting it. With the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference, the question of the abolition, modification or renewal of the treaty is sure to engage most serious attention next year, but it is already acute. It is one of the worst treaties Great Britain ever signed and, with the world situation what it is, it should be cancelled at the earliest possible moment.

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A Baltic League

There seems a prospect that a Baltic League, comprising Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, will be formed before long. Soon after the War these States achieved their independence, not without difficulty and with some assistance from this country. All had been under Tsarist Russia, but "national" movements were in evidence in them, particularly in 1905, before the War, and when it was over they continued to regard Russia as the enemy. For years this was the case in Estonia and Latvia, and it was not till a year or two ago that, having signed non-aggression treaties with the Soviet, they lost their fear of her, but found themselves threatened by Nazi Germany.

Because of Vilna, Lithuania early turned to both Russia and Germany against Poland, but since that State signed non-aggression treaties with her two big neighbours Lithuania has had to stand alone, and the Nazis have given her a great deal

of trouble over Memel, a city as German as Danzig. The result is that she has drawn nearer to Latvia and Estonia, and the project of a Baltic League, which had been talked of as far back as 1919, looks as if it might be realised, not under pressure from the Soviet, the original driving force, but from dread of German plans for the dominion of the Baltic.

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Save the Horses

A crowded and enthusiastic meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Monday supported the cause of the worn-out horses. It is hoped that public opinion may put a stop to the export of our old four-footed friends which, after a life-time of usefulness, are sold to go abroad to be worked, starved and eventually butchered.

Fox, the distinguished jockey, Mr. Cunningham-Graham, Miss Joan Conquest and Colonel McTaggart, that sincere friend of the horse, were there. Mr. Henderson Stewart, M.P., in an admirable speech, devoid of all emotion and flapping, demonstrated beyond contention that, if our old, worn-out horses were slaughtered in England, the by-products in the shape of hides, glue from hooves, fertilisers from bones, would enhance the profits to the English dealers, and that the export of the live horse to the Continent is not even an economic proposition.

Why, if, as we were told, three hundred and fifty Members of Parliament have given a definite pledge to support this measure in the House of Commons, is this Bill not already an Act of Parliament?

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Our Popular Premier

The Legion of Loyalists have decided to oppose the candidature of the Prime Minister in whatever constituency he may stand at the next General Election. They point out that the surrender policy in Southern Ireland, the White Paper policy in India, and the insidious disarmament policy—including the ungracious refusal of Lady Houston's patriotic gesture of financial support for this urgent National need, call for strong British action.

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The Voice of Disraeli

"One of the results of my attending the Congress of Berlin has been to prove, what I always suspected before to be an absolute fact—that neither the Crimean War, nor this horrible devastating war, which has just terminated, would have taken place if England had spoken with the necessary firmness."—*Disraeli*, 1878.

No, Stanley, No !

By Lady Houston, Patriot

Off Stanley Off !

You have played the Game *too low*
With everyone shouting—Baldwin must go
You pretend not to know—you are DE TROP
But this is so

* * *

No Stanley No !

You are trying to crow—but with nothing to show
For your whole Sorry Party—set up in a row
If pelted with TRUTH—would fall at one blow !
And this you know

* * *

Going, Going—— !

The People once liked you—you were their Beau
But that was before you had let them down so
With Ace, King and Queen—you let the KNAVE take the trick
AND THIS IS WHAT MAKES ALL THE COUNTRY SO SICK !
And——you think you are slick

Mr. Baldwin's Honesty

By A.A.B.

IT is just six years since I protested that Mr. Baldwin's Imperial ukase against rubber restriction should cease. Mr. Baldwin, and the Government for whom he acted, neither knew nor professed to know anything about the rubber industry, any more than they knew about the art of the farrier. The facts were that too much rubber was being produced for the world's consumption, and I pointed out that the way to stop this was to restrict the output of rubber, so, as far as possible, to produce an equilibrium between supply and demand.

Rubber was a great industry at that time both in Malaya and in Ceylon. It was then selling at 4s. 6d. per lb. Not long ago the market price was 2½d. The industry was capitalised at an estimate of £100,000,000 and when rubber sold at 4s. 6d., the rubber planters of our colonies made a profitable living. For the last six years the price has gone down, dozen of rubber planters have been ruined, and hundreds of office workers have been thrown on their beam ends.

NOW WHAT INDUCED MR. BALDWIN TO TAKE THIS STEP?

There was and still is in existence a Rubber Research committee, which was an empty cadre to be left empty or filled up as wanted. Mr. Baldwin in 1925 took this empty cadre and fitted it with a Director of Barclays Bank, a professor of political economy in a Welsh university and a Treasury clerk. Never was a great industry so scandalously and so shamefully treated.

Rubber industry interests were not allowed, as is nearly always done, to be represented by counsel before the Committee; they were not allowed to read their evidence; they were not allowed to be present when their opponents gave evidence. They were called in by the committee and genially told that they knew nothing whatever about rubber planting, and they were then invited to be

the confidential advisers of the Commission. Of course there were two bodies, the restrictionists and the non-restrictionists, and they each gave their point of view; but there was nobody on the Commission, as an expert rubber planter, to decide between them.

Again I ask, what induced Mr. Baldwin to adopt this tyrannical and unjust attitude towards the great trade of our Eastern colonies, which has been nearly, though not quite, ruined? Mr. Hoover was at that time a candidate for the Presidency, and he wanted to get cheap rubber for his supporter Mr. Ford, as raw material for his tyres. Hoover even went so far as to say that what he was pleased to call this monopoly of raw material by the British was a breach of the comity of nations, a very strong phrase, generally implied in diplomacy when two nations intend to go to war.

Mr. Baldwin was asked in the House of Commons whether he had issued his order about rubber under the dictation of Mr. Hoover, and he flatly denied it. But it was a remarkable fact that the Foreign Office despatched a clerk, whose name I forget, to contradict the speeches of President Hoover. Now, after six years, England and France, Germany and Italy have agreed to do the very thing which I ventured to suggest then, namely, to come to an agreement between themselves and the Government of the Dutch East Indies, to restrict the output of rubber. Such is the paternal care which our Colonial Office takes of our two colonies in the Far East, which are nearly ruined.

What the ultimate effect of this agreed scheme of restriction may be, I do not know; but it is an admission by the Great Powers that the unrestricted production of rubber is ruinous. So much for Mr. Baldwin and the rubber Industry! Every rubber shareholder should vote against Baldwin, for his reckless, ignorant, tyrannical interference with a great industry, about which he knew nothing.

Our Dear Dear Cousins

By A.A.B.

"It jerks me horribly to kick at nothing," as that profound philosopher Sam Slick observes. To me, as a writer of political articles, the truth of this observation has often recurred. It is difficult to write at present, as there are no politics. A leading journal has commented upon the rather astonishing fact that there is a wide gap of apathy between the stirring events of the day and the indifference of our public. Thank goodness, our dear cousins across the Herring

Pond have supplied an apple of discord just in the nick of time.

The Attorney General of the United States has reminded America that what have been known as Token Payments are nothing more or less than waste paper. I fondly thought the Token Payment satisfied our debt payment to America, for the time being, at all events. Nothing of the sort, however, has happened. It reminds me of Sheridan's remark when renewing a Bill or Pro-

missory Note: "Thank Heaven, that's done with." I don't know what is the meaning of our dear cousins leaving us out of the List of Defaulting Nations. I have never seen a Token Payment and do not know what its terms are. But it is disquieting to remember that the amount of interest and repayment of capital in June is just about equal to the amount of Mr. Chamberlain's surplus, and that it is increasing every year.

The next payment is in June, and our dear cousins evidently look for the repayment of an instalment which shall be something more substantial than a Token Payment. What becomes of Mr. Chamberlain's surplus for the coming year, and for coming years? Is it all to be swallowed up in these American Payments? There is no provision, or even mention, of the American debt in the Chancellor's speech in opening the Budget. Our dear cousins have honoured us by putting us in the list of Non-Defaulting Nations. We ought, I suppose, to feel highly honoured and gratified by this distinction in our favour.

The Rude Awakening

If it means that in future we are to make our payments in cash, it is a very doubtful honour, which would be more honourable in the breach than in the observance. Good-bye to balanced Budgets and surplus and remissions of taxation for many years to come. This is, indeed, a rude awakening from Love's young dream; and this is the midsummer gift that comes to us from the country for which we have made such sacrifices, and in whose behest we have shown such obedience and acquiescence. We have reduced our Navy, whilst the Americans have enormously increased theirs, and this in obedience to Hoover's orders. I agree that Hoover is not responsible for our despatching negotiators on these matters who can only be described as half-wits. How could Mr. Hoover imagine that our Chancellor of the Exchequer, as Mr. Baldwin then was, and the Chairman of the Bank of England could possibly be such ignoramuses as not to know the working of compound interest at 5 per cent?

Then there is the rubber question, from which it appears that the reinforcement of restriction has put into the pockets of the American public no less than five million dollars, that is to say, about £1,000,000. Is this our return for carrying out what Mr. Hoover asked us to do, namely, the removal of the restriction of the Stevenson scheme?

A distinction is drawn by the American Attorney General, or someone else, I don't know who, between the Government of the nation and its subjects. What is the meaning of such a distinction? Every State loan is issued by the Government and taken up by its subjects. Our War Loan, for instance, is held almost entirely by British subjects. What should we say to a foreign creditor who declined to pay the interest on British Loans on the grounds that they were not owed to the Government but to the subjects. Why, it is sheer nonsense, and would cause the greatest confusion in International finance. I take it that the Americans have put out their British Loan among

their own subjects at 3 per cent. Indeed, it is one of the chief reasons which is constantly urged for our payment of 3½ and then 3¾ per cent., which in the term of years allotted will pay the Americans more than double the original amount of the alleged debt.

The whole situation is so fantastic that it must now lead once and for all to a settlement, a compromise. This comes of sentimental politics. We have always been told by our Statesmen that the friendship and co-operation of the Americans was essential for the safety of the world. Certainly blood is thicker than water, so thick that we cannot escape from it. Let us now begin by diluting this blood by a little of the water of commonsense and business calculation. President Roosevelt is, I think, a better subject to deal with than President Hoover. In the first place, he is not what is called a business man, in the sense of being engaged in trade, whereas Mr. Hoover, who lived a good deal of his life in London, was engaged in mining companies.

How this matter is going to end I do not know. Must we pay another Token Payment next month? If so, I trust it will be the last proof of cousinly affection to the United States. BY THE WAY, WOULD IT NOT BE JUST AS WELL TO CLEAR THE ACCOUNT AND PUT IT ON A BUSINESS FOOTING BY THE AMERICANS REPAYING THE BRITISH BONDHOLDERS THE £70,000,000 WHICH THEIR SOUTHERN STATES STILL OWE THE PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY? Poor Sidney Smith! He had to sell his Bonds at 43, or thereabouts, and he cannot now see, fortunately for the peace of his ashes, this, I hope, last attempt on the part of Shylock to exact his pound of flesh. The individual Americans I have found to be charming people, but I have no taste for the "robber barons" of finance. Nor can I imagine that the American diplomatic or financial assistance will ever be much use to us until we have got this tiresome question out of the way.

Inscription for a Beauty Spot

You say I made you gay of mind,
Straight as my woods, clean as my wind;
Then all I ask you, if you please:
Leave not the healer your disease.

• • •

A gracious giver, a bounteous lady
Keeps open mansions, bright or shady,
With moods for all, her only prayer:
"Please leave no footmarks on the stair."

• • •

Millions and millions coming on,
She has for guests when you are gone.
Spare her the duty stern and bitter
Of introducing them to litter.

G.T.

HANDS ACROSS THE AISLE

By HAMADRYAD

(Being a brief résumé of some recent exchanges between prospective Cabinet-makers)

"Will you walk into our Party?" said Labour to the Libs.
 "Of course you can't have any jobs, or help to spend the dibs.
 As allies à la Portugaise you're quite the worst we know,
 But your votes will come in handy to help us to run the show.

"Your plea for private enterprise is one that we abhor;
 We know you'll knife us if you can. You've done it twice before.
 Our Fabian nostrums frighten you; of that there's not a doubt,
 But you'll swallow almost anything to get the Tories out."

Then up spake a sturdy Liberal. His name was Ramsay Muir.
 "Betray our Liberal principles, so sacred and so pure?
 We'll give you all the help we can to out the Tory crew,
 But abandon capital—why that's a thing we cannot do.

"Though we're one with you on Cobden, we must ask you to desist,
 When it comes to waging war upon the individualist.
 This Socialism in our Time—your doctrinaires may play with it.
 But try it on and see how quick the nation shouts 'Away with it!'

"We'll have no truck with stuff like that, and if our Party perishes,
 'Twill die preserving unimpaired the principles it cherishes.
 'Here lies the Liberal Party,' will be writ its tomb upon.
 We don't quite know what ailed it, but its soul goes marching on."

Then up spake old George Lansbury and funny Mr. Clynes:
 "For swapping seats with Liberals we never had designs.
 And if to join our Party they accept our invitation,
 We'll see to it that they subscribe to *Labour and the Nation*."

Then up spake Herbert Morrison, "These Liberals make me tired.
 The help of Slippery Samuel is not to be desired:
 And when we come to power again let nobody suppose
 That a dozen cross-grained Liberal cranks can pull us by the nose.

"We'll wrap the red flag round us, boys. We'll dare to burn our
 ships:

We'll stand for almost anything except that jackass Cripps.
 And none shall share our triumph or find favour in our eyes,
 Who holds a brief for capital or private enterprise."

"Tut, tut," says Herbert Samuel, "Such language I deplore,
 And when my Labour friends have time to ponder on it more
 They'll see how well our Parties can still co-operate
 To send the Tories packing and conduct a model State.

"For well they know that if they pull their Socialistic stuff,
 The angry voters' hand will come and seize them by the scruff,
 Free Trade, Democracy and Peace our mutual aim should be."
 ("Hear, hear!" from the *News-Chronicle*; "Hurrah!" from the
M.G.)

Then someone said, "A little of this chatter should suffice;
 Only one Liberal matters and the others cut no ice.
 The former Liberal voter has the final word, and he
 Will do what someone tells him—and that someone is L.G."

But the Wizard keeps his counsel. There is silence down at Churt,
 Though the tongue's as keen as ever and the mind is still alert;
 From which we may conclude that in Lloyd George's private view,
 The Liberal Party's dead and damned no matter what they do.

The White Paper—and After

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer

THE Report of the Joint Committee which for the last year has been considering the White Paper proposals is likely to appear within the next month or two. Meantime, as the knowledge spreads of what those proposals contemplate—the transfer of the whole civil administration, with temporary safeguards, to Indian control—anxiety and alarm are rapidly growing. Even the *Sunday Times* of April 29 admits: "It is regrettable, but true, that there is more opposition to the Government's Indian schemes in the country than there is active support."

The proposals are the result of three Round Table Conferences presided over by the Prime Minister and Lord Sankey, with Sir Samuel Hoare as their able and zealous assistant, to carry out the Indian policy of the late Socialist Government as announced by Mr. MacDonald on January 20th, 1931. It is characteristic of the Socialist outlook that in none of those Conferences was there a single representative of Indian Defence, Finance, Justice or General Administration; the members were one and all politicians, British and Indian. Is it surprising that the White Paper, while it does credit to the ingenuity and literary skill of its framers, has not a word to show how it will maintain the essentials of good administration—which India at present enjoys to an extent unparalleled in her long history?

Unheeded Challenge

Its authors and advocates have been repeatedly challenged to disprove the charge that it will seriously endanger every one of those essentials—external and internal security, impartial justice, efficient and progressive administration, moderate taxation. All of these primarily depend on the maintenance of British control and of the British element in the administration, both of which the White Paper eliminates. That challenge has never been met. Doubtless the Joint-Committee will propose many salutary amendments of the scheme, though they have been seriously hampered in getting at the full facts by the presence throughout of some twenty Indian delegates. These were mostly able lawyers, who set themselves to cross-examine as hostile witnesses those who ventured to speak of the growing deterioration in the administration, the rapid increase in nepotism and corruption, and the subordination of the welfare of the masses to the ambitions of politicians, that have been so marked since the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme placed politics before administration.

But it is doubtful if any amendments by the Joint Committee, based on the White Paper, can produce a sound and workable scheme. For the White Paper rests on a series of false or unfounded assumptions. The chief of these are (1) that Great Britain is an "alien" power in India and that if there was ever any justification for our presence there it has now disappeared; (2) that the

heterogeneous peoples of India have now developed a sense of nationality and common citizenship, and are qualified to take control of their own destinies; (3) that it is therefore our duty to establish in India that blessed system of democracy, which is the quintessence of political wisdom, and gracefully to withdraw as early as possible.

Now every one of these assumptions flagrantly conflicts with the truth and the facts of history. Space does not allow a full refutation. But it may be noted briefly:

(1) India has *never* been able to govern or defend herself; she has always in historical times been under the rule of an invader, Persians, Greeks, Aryans, Huns, Afghan, Turk or Moghul, each of whom used its power in oriental fashion to oppress the conquered and subject races. Great Britain, the latest conqueror, is no more "alien" than any of her predecessors; indeed she has a far better title to rule than any of them; for she alone has not only protected India from chronic invasion and internal anarchy, but has also established a progressive, and above all, impartial rule.

Power of the Raj

That is the secret of our being able to hold a sub-continent of 353 millions with 6,000 miles of land and 5,000 miles of sea frontier with an army of only 220,000, British and Indian, backed by the British Navy.

(2) The only thing that holds together the vast congeries of conflicting races, creeds, castes and cultures, is that impartial British rule which the White Paper proposes to abolish. It is now admitted by all that the frequent outbursts of racial and religious hatreds, involving the massacre of thousands, have been immensely stimulated by the belief that the impartial authority, to which all bowed, is being withdrawn. Consequently all the old feuds which we had quelled have been reopened as *each* race, caste or creed strives to obtain some protection for itself when the authority that gave protection to *all* is withdrawn. To say that India is to-day so united as to be fit for the degree of self-government proposed in the White Paper is flying in the face of the facts of the last twelve years, and of the experience of the gross maladministration of the fields—especially local self-government—from which British control has been entirely withdrawn.

Mr. Rabindra Nath Tagore is perhaps intellectually the most gifted Indian of to-day; he is also one of the most independent and at times most severe critic of British rule. But he has a sense of realities. This is what he wrote a few years ago on "Indian Nationality":

"Our real problem in India is not political. It is social. *India has never had a real sense of nationalism.* India is too vast in its area and too diverse in its races. . . . In India there is no common birth-right. . . . How then can we think that our task is to build a political miracle of

freedom upon the quicksands of social slavery . . . *We must recognise it is providential the West has come to India.*" The authors of the White Paper are of a different opinion; they, like Mr. Gandhi, propose to clear the West out of India as early as possible.

(3) But the cardinal error of the White Paper is the assumption that the façade of democracy which it proposes—to conceal the rottenness of a political edifice built "upon the quicksands of social slavery"—will give India the security and peaceful progress she has enjoyed under British rule.

Mr. Baldwin recently in his broadcast to youth said, "Democracy it is true has been a failure in many countries. But let me put this idea before you. Democracy was grafted in these countries on a stem of absolutism and the graft does not do well. *It is not a natural growth.*" Does Mr. Baldwin seriously think that democracy is "a natural growth" in India? Surely he must know that all the conditions, social, historical and political, are the direct negation of it? And if he knows that, why is he—perhaps from an exaggerated sense of loyalty to certain of his colleagues—supporting a scheme which is founded on error and must end in disaster?

The best Indian opinion is coming round to that view. Sir N. N. Sirkas, Advocate General in Bengal, a delegate to the Joint Committee, and recently nominated to be Law Member of the Government of India, said in a speech to the Indian Association a few weeks ago that "whether India survived or succumbed to the (White Paper) Reforms remained to be seen, but the introduction of the new Constitution in the present financially bankrupt condition of Provinces like Bengal would be the height of folly. Where was the money to come from? We are being given democracy. Had democracy succeeded in any other country

in the world outside England? . . . It had failed elsewhere and could not be expected to succeed in India built in a costly fashion on a base of bankruptcy." (*Morning Post*, April 16th.).

The authors and advocates of the White Paper are wont to belittle British critics as "out of date" and "reactionaries." Can they ignore the warnings of an authority like Sir N. N. Sirkas? The tragedy of the situation is that at one stage the authors of the present policy, Lord Halifax and Sir Samuel Hoare, realised the true solution, viz.—"Partnership of the three parties. Great Britain, British India and the Indian States with the rights of each Partner adequately secured in the Executive, Legislature and the Services." But when it came to the White Paper stage they forgot Great Britain! The hitherto predominant partner is almost eliminated from the Civil Government. As an instance, in the future Government of the Punjab, the Governor will have no British colleague in the Executive; in the Legislature of 175 there will be one solitary British member; while British recruitment is to cease for all the services except two which are given a five years respite.

Is not this surrender a betrayal of our responsibilities to the splendidly loyal people of that great province? If the framework and the cement, which hitherto have held together the Indian sub-continent, are to be thus withdrawn, and the crazy White Paper constitution with all the jarring elements of autocratic States, pseudo-democratic but bankrupt provinces, minorities that will fight, as the history of Ulster and the Free State shows, rather than accept the rule of communal majorities, is set up in its place, it will only last as long as it is supported by British bayonets. Then indeed we shall be open to the reproach of maintaining rule—but not *British* rule—in India by armed force.

That is whither the White Paper leads.

SERIAL

The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. This instalment concludes the chapter devoted to "The Surrender to Zionism."

IT was shown that 29.4 per cent. of the rural Arab families in the villages were landless, and that attempts to prove that Zionist colonisation had not "had the effect of causing the previous tenants of land acquired to join the landless class have on examination proved to be unconvincing, if not fallacious."

It admitted that some grounds existed for the Arabs' suspicion that the "economic depression under which they undoubtedly suffer at present is largely due to excessive Jewish immigration."

It is impossible to detect any "anti-Semitism" in the above. This declaration of policy with

regard to Palestine was, indeed, the one good thing the Labour Party had done since their accession to office. Yet these few passages asserting the Government's intention of showing some consideration for the claims of the Arabs were the signal for an outburst of unreasoning fury from Jews all over the world. The Jewish Press in Palestine spoke of "the cynical betrayal by Great Britain of the greatest trust in history," and of "the innate hypocrisy of the British"; the New York Jews assembled in crowds shouting: "Down with England!" Dr. Weizmann, President of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, resigned in protest.

SERIAL

The cause of this indignation is, however, not far to seek. Unrestricted immigration was the only way by which the Jews could hope to achieve their scheme of outnumbering the Arabs, and so attaining that predominance of which Dr. Eder had spoken in the afore-quoted passage. Mr. Jabotinsky had explained the same idea in the *New Palestine* of March 19, 1926:

The aim of the Zionist movement is the creation of a Jewish majority in Palestine, west and east of the Jordan. . . Now there are in Western Palestine to-day about 600,000 Arabs and about 150,000 Jews. It has been calculated that under decent conditions the Arabs will, within a period of twenty-five years, increase to 1,200,000. The difference—a million—has to be supplied by Jewish immigration, for our own birth-rate cannot play any considerable rôle in the business. Chalutzim, intelligentsia and even the modern middle-class have no enthusiasm for large families. A million immigrants in twenty-five years plus our own moderate natural increase—this will probably secure a Jewish majority. This means an average annual immigration of 40,000.

Any check on the number of immigrants admitted would naturally upset all these calculations and postpone the day of victory. Hence the imprecations against Great Britain.

The Labour Government had ventured further than it knew when it dared to proclaim its intention of carrying out the recommendations of the two Reports on Palestine, by remedying some of the injustices from which the Arabs were suffering. A Conservative paper had tremblingly protested against its action in "setting the powerful international force of Jewry against us."

Massed Attack

There are few men in public life who have nothing to gain by standing well with high finance, and still fewer who can afford to offend it. Hence the publication of the Government White Paper offered the occasion to Conservative and Liberal statesmen to vie with each other in denouncing the infamy of the Labour Party which hitherto they had treated with so much indulgence, and public men of all kinds hastened to write to the papers, declaring their unswerving allegiance to the aims of Zionism.

Thus attacked on all sides, there was nothing for the Government to do but to beat a retreat and remove the ban on immigration. The "powerful international force" which no statesman and no Government can withstand had won the day, and the Arabs must be left to their fate.

But the Palestine question had not been settled, nor can it ever be settled as long as that country remains the scene of conflict between two irreconcilable aims. The Zionists will be content with nothing less than a Jewish State; the Arabs will never accept Jewish domination. That in a word is the situation, which no amount of talk about reconciling Arab and Jewish aspirations can alter. They cannot be reconciled.

The *Morning Post* saw this from the outset, the Beaverbrook and Rothermere Presses have never ceased to urge the tearing up of the Mandate now that its unworkability has become evident. Even

leading Jews have denounced it. In 1921 Israel Zangwill wrote:

In promising Palestine to the Jews our statesmen exhibited as reckless a disregard of the existence of the 600,000 Arabs as the Zionists themselves.

Mr. Edwin Samuel Montagu did everything in his power to prevent it. In his *Diary* for November 11, 1917, he made this entry:

I see from Renter's telegram that Balfour has made the Zionist declaration against which I fought so hard. . . . The Government has dealt an irreparable blow at Jewish Britons, and they have endeavoured to set up a people which does not exist; they have alarmed unnecessarily the Mahommedan world and, in so far as they are successful, they will have a Germanised Palestine on the flank of Egypt. It seems useless to conquer it. Why we should intern Mahomed Ali in India for Pan-Mohammedanism when we encourage Pan-Judaism I cannot for the life of me understand.

Imperilling the Empire

Posterity will ask how England came to commit herself to this suicidal policy, and to pursue it once its failure had been demonstrated. The one thing that could have consolidated the Empire at the end of the War was a strong British-Moslem friendship. The Arabs of Palestine, Irak and Transjordan had voluntarily thrown in their lot with the Allies. In India the Moslems, with few exceptions, had ranged themselves on the side of law and order against the excesses of the Swarajists. Even in Egypt the Wafd represented only a seditious minority compared with the body of Egyptians who realised the advantages of co-operation with Great Britain. Yet in order to further the schemes of Pan-Judaism—aiming at economic predominance in Palestine and all over the Near East from Cairo to Baghdad—Great Britain deliberately set out to alienate a friendly and at the same time a warlike race, at the risk of antagonising the whole Moslem world and imperilling the very existence of the Empire. Thus the only Eastern country where the British Government has "stood up" to the Nationalist leaders is the one in which those leaders were prepared to be loyal to her. Even the Conservatives, whilst seeking to placate such men as Gandhi and Chen, the bitter enemies of England, showed no spirit of conciliation in dealing with the legitimate demands of the Arabs, and Arab delegations to this country have been obliged to depend on such unofficial support as is provided by the National League and the individual patriots gathered around its standard.

The full effects of British policy in the Near East will not be seen until war is again launched upon the world. Then, with an Egypt free to make her own alliances with stronger Powers, with a Palestine in which the warlike elements have been rendered hostile by the fatal Mandate, the whole of this key position may be in the hands of Britain's enemies.

Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; Sept. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28; Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25; Dec. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Jan. 6, 13, 20, 27; Feb. 3, 10, 17, 24; March 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; April 7, 14, 21, 28; and May 5.

The Disarmament Failure

Britain Must Re-arm

By Robert Machray

AT long last our woefully wobbly Government is trying to stiffen and harden itself into facing the grim realities of the European crisis and taking such an attitude regarding national defence as is alone consistent with Great Britain's tremendous stake in the world. This is the meaning of the almost daily meetings that have been held of the Cabinet or of the Cabinet Disarmament Committee during the past two weeks. A decision has to be reached, and time presses. The British Draft, which was always a sickly child with little hope of ever growing up, is dead—"No flowers," of course; but what next?

This is the question with which the Government has been confronted. It was raised by the definite, uncompromising stand of France in her last Note on the Disarmament issue, which charged Germany with rearming in defiance of the Peace Treaty and demanded that the Disarmament Conference should return to the plan put forward in October last—the plan that led to Hitler's withdrawal from the Conference and also from the League. The Note at once indicated and emphasised the complete breakdown of the "parallel conversations" that had been going on, by fits and starts, between the powers for months. Also it appeared to sweep aside, at least for the moment, the British inquiries respecting France's "guarantees of execution."

Fussing and Fumbling

In fact, our vacillating Government was pulled up quite short, to its utter confusion and bewilderment, and wondered what on earth it was to do. The next meeting of the Disarmament Conference is scheduled for May 29. France insists that the negotiations revert to Geneva, and in any case no one can believe that an adjournment to any later date is likely to mend matters. The Government had to do something. What policy was it to formulate and uphold in the Conference? The fussing and the fumbling that have gone on can easily be imagined.

First of all, it may be supposed that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who, among his other serious disqualifications for the high post he occupies, is plainly an unteachable since he has learnt nothing from his past experience of conferences, came out with the characteristic suggestion—well, that another plan, a fresh Draft, should be made and propounded at Geneva! Now the Prime Minister is aware that the crux of the whole situation is the impossibility of reconciling the points of view of France and Germany. He has been accused of sympathising with the German standpoint, like his quondam political friend Mr. Arthur Henderson, and another British Draft, with all the delay attendant on its discussion, would merely be a sheer waste of time, though probably enough a gain for Germany.

These things being so, and all plans and drafts

having become simply ridiculous, as the *Saturday Review* said long ago they would, other members of the Cabinet or of its Committee took, it may be supposed, a very different position from that of Mr. MacDonald, but one which was in accordance with realities. They did see that a solution of the *impasse*, as between France and Germany, was not to be got, a truth which was fundamental and governed the entire situation.

Cabinet Quandary

The question really came to be whether the Government, under Mr. MacDonald's leadership, should continue the effort, though evidently doomed to ultimate failure, to conclude at Geneva some sort of convention—a "bad convention better than none," as it has been put—or, rejecting that leadership, recognise the inexorable, inescapable fact that a convention can not be obtained that will satisfy both France and Germany, agree accordingly to dissolve the Disarmament Conference, and take up the new line of foreign policy that the circumstances demand. The majority of the British Cabinet decided, with the strong support, it is understood, of the Foreign Office, against the Prime Minister, and there are rumours of a speedy reconstruction of the Government.

What is the new line of our foreign policy that the position demands? The reply seems to me to be very clear. There are three possible courses. The first is a defensive alliance with France, but the country is not ready for it, and at present does not favour any fresh commitments abroad. The second is an alliance with Germany, but at least I, for one, cannot see how a strong, aggressive, highly militarised Germany can ever be an interest to England, and, anyhow, there is no support for it in the country.

But there is a third course open to us, and it is the course we must pursue with all our energies, as it is the only one that meets the case and fits our necessities, now that Disarmament is seen to be an impossible dream, and ENGLAND STANDS OPEN TO ATTACK. That is the crux of our situation. A defenceless Britain! What a shameful thing! It might well seem incredible, yet it is only too true. Mr. Winston Churchill was quite right when he said the other day that not for centuries had England been in such a defenceless position as she is to-day. How, let us think, does it strike the rest of the world? It is being said that "England has gone soft!" Why is this being said? Ask our MacDonalds and our Baldwins to supply the answer. Britain must see at once to her defences—that is the true line of her home as well as of her foreign policy. And if this means that the MacDonalds and the Baldwins have to go, so much the better—and the sooner, the better.

The Old Horse

By Basil Tozer

[In 1932 three thousand six hundred and fifty-two worn-out horses were exported from England to the Continent of Europe.]

HE knew that the growing stiffness in his joints was only one of several signs that old age was creeping over him at last. Well, he could not complain. The greengrocer, last of his several owners, had treated him none too badly, and had parted from him with a friendly pat as the man who had just bought him had pulled him into the draughty, dirty, low-roofed stable where he now lay trying to rest his aching bones on the bare flagstones. He thought of the greengrocer's wife and children. He remembered how they had made much of him and how the children had sometimes been given rides on his back up and down the short stretch of suburban road where the family lived.

"Poor old horse," he had heard the greengrocer say some days before. "I'd like to keep him, but he is past work. I must get a younger animal. . ."

He was barely able to lie down, because his halter was so short. Yet so weary was he that, in spite of his aches and pains, sleep, blessed sleep, gradually overcame him. And then he dreamed. And as he dreamed he re-lived once more his happy existence, as it had been from the beginning until a year or two ago.

Happy Days

Surrounding him was a beautiful, wooded, undulating park. With him were other young horses, and all day long when they were not cropping the short, sweet grass in the great meadow, he and the other youngsters would career in pursuit of one another, whinnying and sometimes lashing out through sheer *joie de vivre*. And there was "the young squire," as everybody called him. He remembered the beginning of his training, always with the young squire on his back, who never lost his temper with him. And then his first race! How he had strained every nerve to win that race when he had realised what was expected of him. But the winner had overhauled him in the last ten yards and beaten him by a length.

After that there had been months of intensive training. He had raced in many parts of England and in Ireland. Three times he had won at Punchestown over the stiff-banking course, and always it was his owner who rode him. Then one day the great news had come. He was to be entered for the Liverpool Grand National! As the memory of that floated into the old horse's happy dream his weary limbs twitched and stirred.

That race!

There had been over thirty starters. He could see them all again, and their jockeys' jackets glistening in the sun. . . .

The flag had fallen. He heard the rattle of hoofs on the firm turf. They were over the first

fence. Over the second. Over the third. Over the fourth . . . the fifth . . . over Beecher's Brook . . . over the seventh . . . the eighth . . . ninth . . . tenth . . . already there had been several falls . . . there were more falls . . . two horses were galloping riderless. . . .

The second time round. He was still well up and going strong. They were coming to the Canal turn for the last time. Only a few more jumps. . . . He was lying fourth—but his heart was bumping . . . the fence was ten yards off . . . five yards. . . .

Timing his stroke to a nicety, he had made his effort. But almost as he had risen a riderless horse had crossed him in mid-air, and both had landed on their heads and rolled over and over. Vainly he had struggled to get on to his legs again. . . .

It was not long after that that the change in his life had come. Something must have happened, for one day he and his companions had all been led out of their stables and sent a long way by rail, and some days later they had all been put up for auction, and he had never seen the young squire again. His new owner had been an army officer, who had ridden him in the hunting-field and in regimental races and point-to-points. Then the officer had been ordered abroad, and again he had been sold—this time to a syndicate of betting men. He was well fed and well treated, but there were days when his jockey would not let him win, when he had sawed his mouth with his mutton fists and stopped him winning. A farmer had been his next owner, who for a year had used him for all sorts of transport jobs. From the farmer he had passed into the possession of the greengrocer. . . .

An Enemy

His dream became confused. The greengrocer was the betting men's jockey. He was roping him at his fences . . . the crowd was hooting . . . there was a great shout . . . something hit him a fearful blow. . . .

He awoke with a squeal of pain. A short, fat man who looked like a cattle-drover was standing near. In his hand he held a stout ash-plant. As the old horse tried to stand up the man raised his stick and once more brought it down with all his force on the old horse's quarters.

"Wake up, you lazy bastard!" he roared at him.

The old horse tried again to get up, but on the slippery flagstones he fell back on his side. With an oath the man hit him again. When at last he stood up he was trembling all over. The man raised his stick. . . .

Suddenly the spirit of the old horse sprang back into life. Stiff as he was, his heels flashed out. With a cry the man staggered—then fell. His head hit the stone floor. He lay still and silent.

"Serve the — right," a voice somewhere near exclaimed.

Darkness had set in when they led him out with his companions. Side street after side street they were driven through like cattle. The drovers' sticks were sharp-pointed, and if a horse stopped for a moment a sharp point would be dug into his hide. And so, in time, they reached the dock.

Rain poured down as they stood in the light of the naphtha flares, too exhausted, too miserable to move. It soaked their coats and ran down their legs and lay in pools around them.

The ship pitched and rolled. Always before when at sea the old horse had been comfortably boxed, in a box with padded sides. And somewhere near there had been a stable lad in charge of him. But in this cattle-boat there were no boxes. They all stood herded together, exposed to the heavy spray. If any were thrown off their feet, that was their look-out. And every time the boat lurched, his bones ached afresh. Why, he wondered dully, had this misery come upon him? What had he done to deserve such treatment? The food they brought him tasted of sea salt and, though ravenous, he could not eat it. Everything around him was strange—horrible.

When the boat finally berthed, the old horse, with others, was driven down a steep gangway. Here everybody seemed to be excited. There were peculiar, acrid smells. . . .

The open truck in which he and the rest stood closely packed rattled and shook. Hour after hour the train crawled along. Frequently it stopped, and waited.

Fear

During the days which followed his arrival at his destination he was rather better fed, though no better treated. And all the while a feeling of fear, a sense of some impending calamity, obsessed him. Fear of what? He had no idea.

Then, one morning, men came with ropes. One of them carried a metal instrument. He was seized roughly, and hobbled. A twitch was twisted tightly round his lip. And then, before he could realise what was about to happen, his mouth was prised open and the instrument thrust down his throat.

Terrible pain followed this operation. As he stood gasping, hardly able to keep on his feet, he saw that his companions were being dealt with in the same way. Why all this torture, he wondered again? What had they done? Throughout his life until recently nothing had been too good for him. He had looked on human beings as his friends. He had imagined all men to be as kind and wonderful as "the young squire" and all those other people who had to do with him. Blood dripped from his mouth. But nobody paid any heed. And how his poor body ached! The intense heat added to his misery.

The heat was greater still on the day they came to him and strapped a padded cloth along his off side; and tied a bandage across his right eye; and stuffed up his ears until he could hardly hear; and bumped a saddle on his back. Yet he could sense noises around him. There seemed to be some sort of tumult. What was happening? What was

going to happen to him now? Had they some new horror in store for him? Presently the tumult, the roar of voices, increased. For an instant he had a mental vision of a racecourse—which he loved. But no—this was different. What was all the noise about?

Suddenly his bridle was snatched. Someone sprang into the saddle. Someone heavy. Spurs, unlike any he had ever felt before, were jabbed into his flanks—they had spikes an inch long, had he known it. The rider jerked the reins, and the port of the bit bruised his palate. Mechanically he went forward. He was in some sort of cavalcade. Trumpets blared. Faintly he caught the sound of harsh music. . . .

He was in the open. The sun's heat was terrific. All around him an enormous crowd cheered wildly. Fear of the unknown once more made him shiver and sweat. Again his rider drove the steel barbs into his sides and jerked the sharp bit. . . .

What was that? Something panting—snorting. Some great beast? It stamped the ground somewhere near, but on his blind side, so that he could not see it. It was in a great rage his instinct told him. . . .

The sound was coming nearer. Nearer still—and faster. Above the clamour of the immense crowd arose shouts and yells:

"Olé! . . . Olé! . . . Olé! . . ."

They were growing frantic . . . a hot, massive body struck him a fearful blow, knocking him almost off his feet and shooting his rider out of the saddle. He felt his belly suddenly ripped open. Something tore the bandage off his head, and through a mist of blood he saw the bull at last. Its eyes blazed. Its steaming nostrils streamed blood. He was dully conscious of men on horses; of red flags waving; of a mass of surging colour all around; but most of all he was conscious of the thirst which maddened him.

The bull charged. . . .

Torture

Both horns sank deep into his ribs. Twice the bull shook its horns before it could get them free. So excruciating was the old horse's agony during those moments that he screamed . . . then screamed again . . . and again. . . . But no sound came. They were dumb screams. The man with the instrument had seen to that when he had cut the vocal cords. For even those sadists, glutted with the rapture of cruelty and besides themselves with blood lust, could not have listened to those screams unmoved.

The old horse lay writhing on his side, drenched in his own blood. Presently the writhing became intermittent. Soon it stopped, though the flanks still heaved. . . .

Everything was fading. Such sounds as his deafened ears could hear seemed to be a long way off. They were growing fainter . . . fainter still . . . darkness was stealing over him. . . .

The old horse had passed out of reach of his tormentors.

Eve in Paris

IN the new Ambassador's gifted wife, Paris welcomes a friend. Lady Clark studied Art in Paris, had a Studio in the Champs de Mars, and gave an exhibition of her Portraits. Her landscape work, full of atmosphere and poetry, attracted favourable criticism. She possesses considerable musical talent, as performer and composer—her ballet "The Nightingale and the Rose" has been produced with great success.

So brilliant a hostess, will do honour to the British Embassy, and be an acquisition to Parisian and diplomatic society.

After the recent manifestations, (so efficiently repressed) against the Décrets Lois, Monsieur Doumergue spoke wise words. "Authority must be upheld," he declared. "Anarchy leads to Civil War, Civil War to Foreign Invasion"

Strong measures are being taken to subdue resistance. No more will Communist papers be allowed to advocate strikes; laws forbidding illegal assemblies are enforced and employés of public services found taking part in these are punished. A return of confidence in the Government is evinced by rapidly appreciating "Rentes."

Writers who formerly prided themselves on aloofness from politics have taken up their pen in defence of Authority. Henri Bordeaux, Mauriac, Abel Bonnard—these are well-known names. Red, nowadays, is rather démodé. The Catholic world was outraged by events at Argenteuil, where, on a recent Sunday, Socialist crowds assembled before the Basilica, waving red flags, singing the Internationale, and insulting the pilgrims.

Hostesses, remembering that "not only by opening doors, are Social Positions achieved, but by knowing when to close them," now confine their invitations to those of their own standing and traditional faiths. Monsieur Vaillant-Couturier no longer reads poems in great salons, nor do Catholic Dignitaries encounter prominent Freemasons in Duchesses' drawing-rooms. Even "Cher Leon" (Blum) is a trifle out of favour.

Parisians have always loved flowers. From earliest times the Kings and nobles surrounded their splendid abodes in the capital with leafage, and blossoms, and fifty convents lay in tree-shaded enclosures, fragrant and peaceful. The poorest cherished a plant or two, on their window-sill. In 1799 a Police report complains "The lower orders make gardens for themselves in pots and boxes, magistrates vainly opposing this affection for flowers, strong in the most indigent, prevailing over their reason."

There were few varieties of flowers in the old-world gardens. Before Louis XIV perfumes made from blossoms were rare, musk and ambergris being

substitutes, but as the Roi-Soleil loved strong-scented flowers jonquils, orange blossom and orangeries were planted.

Many private gardens disappeared with the city's growth, but the public pleasure-grounds, stretching from the Louvre to the Bois, are unrivalled. The stately avenues now in full verdure, give shelter from April sunshine and showers. Lilacs bloom, and Paris is at her loveliest.

No Surrender of Tanganyika

By J. W. Kirk

BEFORE the War Germany's African possessions aggregated some four hundred thousand square miles, of which the Tanganyika area, known as German East Africa, was the largest. Now, German opinion is agitating for more elbow room and the return of this colony.

According to the Germans the colony was prospering, but when our troops invaded it in 1916 we were amazed to find how sparsely cultivated, poorly developed and badly administered it was.

Militarism dominated throughout. Every mission station was established in a strongly fortified position. We were told by the missionaries themselves that they were never permitted to choose their own site; this was always decided by a Military Officer sent by the German Authorities for the purpose.

Evidences of native ill-treatment abounded. The German Native soldiery had apparently been entrusted with extraordinary powers over chiefs and villages. Belts of territory were traversed by our troops which had been devastated under a drastic system of collective punishment.

After the War, Germany was denounced by the Allied Delegates at the Paris Peace Conference as unfit to govern natives, and thereafter Tanganyika Territory was handed over to Great Britain to administer under mandatory powers, by the League of Nations.

Great Britain immediately commenced to spend money on development work. The colony was thrown open at once to the world for peaceful settlement, and, indeed, over two thousand Germans have taken up land there since 1926. Under the British flag they enjoy equal rights with British and other European settlers. So much for Germany's plea for more elbow room.

But what of the ten millions of natives whose well-being we are responsible for? Are they to have no voice in the matter?

Were this policy of restoration permitted it would not be long before a triumphant Prussian militarism was established in the very centre of our own surrounding colonies. Young Nazi officers would arrive, like bloodhounds unleashed, with a mission to raise native regiments, and the old iron rule would be re-imposed. Britain has a trust in Tanganyika which she must not betray.

The Boys' Hero

Baden-Powell — The Wonder Man

By KIM

"The same causes which brought about the downfall of the Great Roman Empire are working to-day in Great Britain."

AWAY back in 1906, two years before the official start of the world-wide Boy Scout Movement, "B.-P.," as he is known affectionately to millions of older and younger Scouts and to the Wolf Cubs, wrote these words.

But, as he explained, they were the views of a famous politician, and not necessarily his own. What "B.-P." did believe and say was that the main cause of Rome's downfall was decline of good citizenship, want of patriotism, and the growth of luxury and idleness.

How to circumvent it in Great Britain?

The Boy Scouts Movement was the solution. In 1907 General Baden-Powell, as he then was, inaugurated his first camp on Brownsea Island, Poole Harbour, with 20 boys, some from Eton and Harrow, others from the East End or anywhere, all living together happily in the same Patrol, sharing equally in all the activities of camp life, and all united in worshipping "B.-P." The youngsters were being taught by the hero of Mafeking how to follow the trail, how to find a few grains of Indian corn in an acre of heather, and how to hide and discover messages in trees and under stones.

Royal Patronage

The Boy Scouts caught on. Caught on! They went like a conflagration. In a very few years the King himself was delighted with these boys who at a Rally held in Windsor in 1911 were inspected by their Majesties. At a whistle from the Chief Scout over 30,000 Scouts, many wearing medals for saving life, closed in on the King as a great foaming wave. Some spectators trembled lest the King himself were enveloped, but at a line which none but the Scouts knew the wave stood dead, as though rooted to the spot. Then, at a word, the banner-bearers marched past, followed by the life-savers, and all cheered as only boys can cheer. The King became their Patron, all his sons became and remain Scouts, with the Duke of Connaught as President.

To-day the Brotherhood and Sisterhood of Scoutcraft numbers over three million boys and girls and has caught on with equal enthusiasm in practically all countries. In 1929, the 21st anniversary, the Jamboree assembled at Arrowe Park, near Birkenhead, to which came Scouts from all over the world. The Prince of Wales attended it and lived under canvas with the boys in spite of the drenching rain which came down for three days. On that occasion the Prince "hurled a bombshell at me," says "B.-P.," by announcing

that the King had been pleased to raise him to the peerage.

No man probably in the history of the world has given the world a monument so great and enduring as Robert Baden-Powell, the most modest and unassuming man among men, has been destined to accomplish. There have been great Emperors with vast armies or navies, there have been great statesmen who have carved out Empires, explorers and inventors, great poets and inspired teachers, but the Boy Scout Movement, so simple, so appealing to the better instincts in all of us, has not been bettered for 1900 years.

The one good deed a day stamps the inherent fineness of the movement. It has no use for snobishness, or boastfulness, or selfishness. It builds up, it does not level down like so many things. It is clean in thought and deed. It turns out splendid men and women with ideals. "B.-P." in his autobiography, with melting heart as he thinks of the loyalty to an idea, says, "It makes one feel very humble, very inadequate to the vast possibilities revealed of bringing about peace and goodwill among men of the oncoming generation in the world."

"Bathing-Towel"

"B.-P." started life as a twelfth child in a family of fourteen, his father a clergyman. As he says himself, he may have had tons of luck—though what is luck?—but no money. He went to Charterhouse through getting a foundation scholarship, when the famous Dr. Haig-Brown was Headmaster, and on his own admission was not a clever boy, nor were his school reports all they might be. His nick-name was "Bathing-Towel," and he took a prominent part in school debates, especially by making surreptitious caricatures of his school friends. But there, by devious ways, he began to practice the arts of Scoutcraft, and when he went into the Army gradually developed it until it became recognised and accepted by the War Office.

"B.-P." has earned undying fame, for the whole system of the Boy Scout Movement had brought a new and healthy spirit into the lives of young boys without distinction of birth or creed, and thus begins to form their characters through life. The Scout is unwittingly the implacable enemy of Bolshevism, for the principle of kindness, tolerance, and helpfulness cannot exist side by side with hatred. It is not too much to say that Lord Baden-Powell by his work and example of emphasising good deeds and the value of service has saved this country from the effects of revolutions and breakdowns which in other parts have shaken the world to its foundations. Long may Lord Baden-Powell be spared to us.

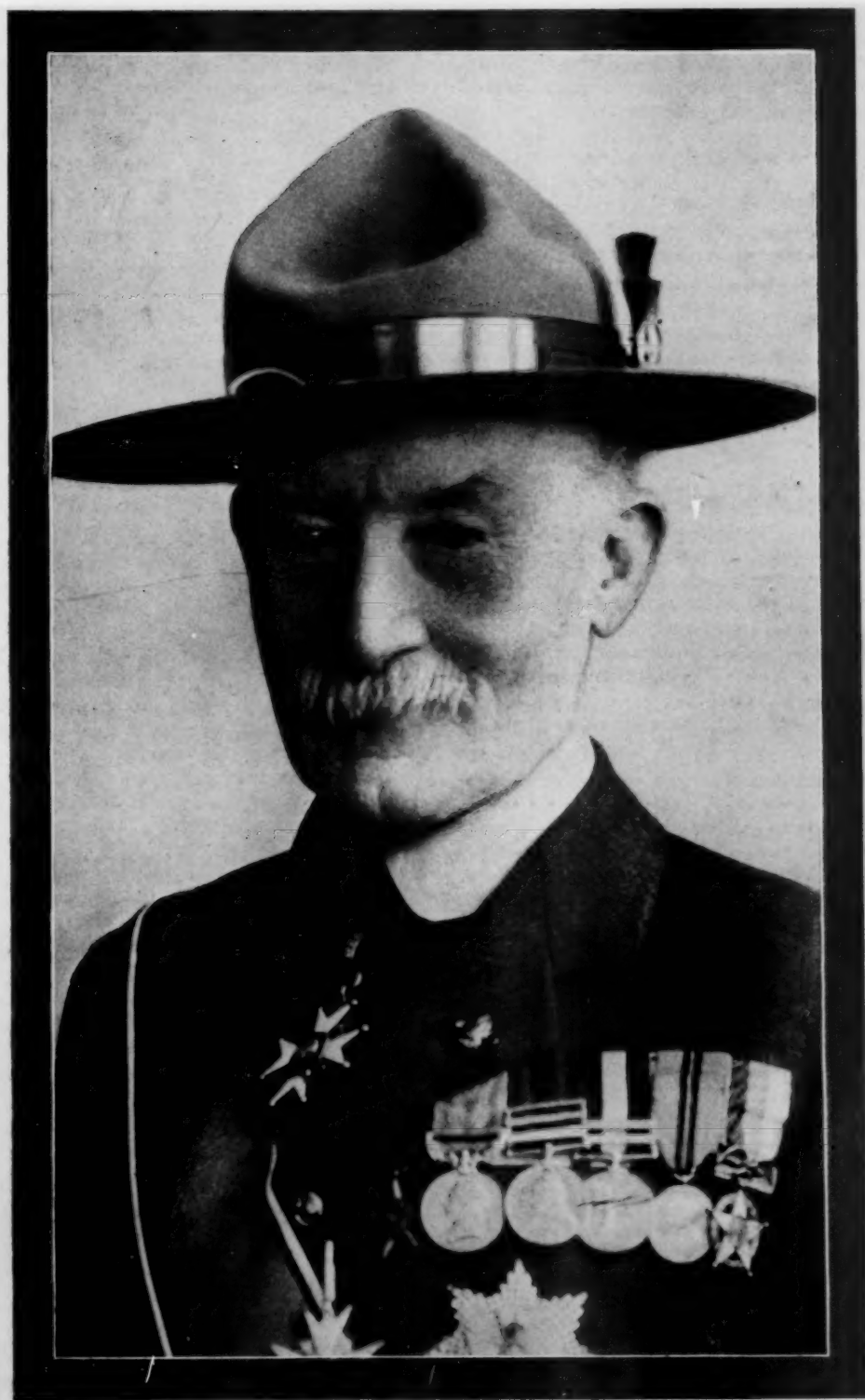
The Book of the Dead

Translated from the Egyptian Texts of the Ptolemaic Period

by E. A. Wallis Budge

Supplement to THE SATURDAY REVIEW

THE MASTER SCOUT



who has done more for the children of the Empire and other countries
than any other living man.

Should Two-year-olds Race?

By David Learmonth

THE fact that a great many race horses are ruined as two-year-olds has never been disputed. The point is, could the system be abolished without disturbing the whole complicated fabric of racing finance?

The introduction of two-year-old racing has been attributed to Sir Charles Bunbury, but this allegation has scant foundation, as the Rev. Harry Goodricke, a sporting North-country parson, introduced races for two-year-olds at York in the early eighteenth century. To him must be awarded this doubtful honour.¹

Goodricke was the breeder of many famous horses, including several St. Leger winners and, lest the uninitiated should imagine that such activities went ill with his cloth, it is well to point out that under a statute of Henry VIII the clergy were strictly charged to interest themselves in horse breeding and that the forerunner of our present Stud Book was published "after prodigious inquiries among the clergy."

It was not long before matters became even worse until, in the nineteenth century, we find yearling races. That these were abolished says much for the common sense of the ruling body. Whether that body has gone far enough is a debated question. The breeding and maintaining of race-horses is an expensive business. A prominent stud, breeding first-class animals, must reckon that each yearling has cost the best part of a thousand pounds by the time it reaches the Doncaster sales. Some, of course, fetch more, some considerably less. With entrance fees, jockeys' fees, and travelling expenses, five hundred pounds a year is a fair average figure for the cost of a horse in training. If it is heavily engaged in big races the figure will be considerably higher.

It is with the average figures that we are concerned. Although such things have happened, very high class horses are not often unduly exploited by their owners as two-year-olds. Moreover, in many cases the owners are rich enough not to have to bother about picking up every race they can.

The Breeder's Viewpoint

The smaller owner, however, is in a different position. He is not prepared to buy a yearling and keep it without running it for an extra year. He looks upon his purchase as an investment and he wants his money back quickly. The breeder takes much the same view. He wants a market for his produce which does not promise to achieve great distinction. If his customers could not run them as two-year-olds they might offer a niggardly price for such yearlings or might not buy them at all.

All this is true enough to-day; but it does not

follow that such arguments are sufficiently strong to overwhelm all other considerations. What happens is that juveniles which are little more than ponies and will never grow into animals of any size are brought out early in the season to win a race quickly. They are not really any use as race horses; but, owing to their smallness, they come to hand quicker than their larger rivals. It is obvious that anything which gives any encouragement to the breeding of these undersized creatures cannot be for the good of the sport.

Apart from this, there is no doubt that, in their greed to grab anything they can while the going is good, many owners grossly over-race their two-year-olds in the early part of the season. They know that before long some other animal which is taking longer to mature will come out and beat them, so it is, perhaps, not unnatural that they should make hay while the sun shines.

Memories

The wastage, however, is appalling. Apart from cases where youngsters have been thrashed with the whip, a criminal practice in my opinion, certain two-year-olds—usually, I admit, with an inherited tendency—turn rogues after a close race in which they have been ridden home entirely by the hands.

Nor does this memory ever leave them. I once bought a six year old steeplechaser for a friend that had run twice only as a two-year-old and had never been on the racecourse since. He showed excellent form on the training ground; but in public his tail began to revolve as soon as he came in sight of the winning post and he never won a race. Eventually he was sold as a good hunter likely to win a point to point. He won two of them before he discovered what he was really, doing. After that he almost stopped dead as soon as he reached the straight.

There seems, on the whole, very little in favour of two-year-old racing as practised to-day and much against it from every point of view except the purely financial. If the object of horse racing is really what it professes to be—to improve the breed of horse—then, academically at any rate, monetary arguments should not carry much weight. One must distinguish, however, between what a body such as the Jockey Club might like to do and what is a practical proposition.

On the other hand it is desirable for a youngster to have some experience of the race course before reaching the age of three. Even such stables as Manton which never hurry their juveniles bring out high class and backward youngsters in the Autumn.

In France there is a rule which forbids two-year-old races until September. This has always seemed to me a sensible compromise and one that might well be adopted over here.

¹ Apparently owing to the same misapprehension *Ruff's Guide to the Turf* gives the first two-year-old race as the July Stakes at Newmarket in 1786.

In Wet America

From a New York Correspondent

"WELL, sir," said the smoking-room steward in reply to my query, "I suppose Repeal has been a good thing for America, but it's certainly hit us hard. Our takings aren't forty per cent. of what they used to be. During Prohibition we did a good business both eastbound and westbound. The people who were going to Europe wanted to start drinking real liquor as soon as possible, and those going back wanted to keep on drinking it as long as they could. But now, when they know they can get all they want at home—well, just look around."

I looked. In the smoking-room of the liner some fifty or sixty people, almost all Americans, were sitting quietly sipping their drinks. I repeat—"sitting and sipping." Under Prohibition few sat and none sipped. One stood and gulped the bootleg stuff as hurriedly as might be.

Equally remarkable, however, was the obviously limited individual consumption of alcohol. The great majority of the passengers contented themselves with one aperitif; a few drank two cocktails, but scarcely anyone had more than that. It seemed, if one could judge from this cross-section of the population, that America was rediscovering the lost art of drinking in a proper fashion.

Less Drunkenness

Further observation in the United States itself served only to confirm this surmise. To make a concrete comparison, I have seen during the past fortnight only two men, and no women, noticeably intoxicated. During a similar period three years ago I saw literally dozens, and of both sexes. Yet the saloon—that bane of the pre-war Prohibitionists—has come back and is flourishing. Liquor is obtainable far more widely than it ever was before: it is now sold in the chemists' shops, in delicatessen restaurants, even by newsagents; and in most places between the hours of 8 a.m. and midnight.

Seldom can a more convincing demonstration have been afforded of the fact which for fourteen years the American Government sought to disprove: that to seek to curtail a liberty by legislation is the surest way to make people determined to exercise that forbidden activity; and of the converse proposition that the removal of the zest of law-breaking makes for temperance.

Naturally, however, America still has a long way to go before catching up with civilised drinking habits. You cannot replace in three months a routine which has been forgotten for fourteen years. Nor can you quickly restore palates more or less ruined by raw and inferior alcohol; or expect a relatively impoverished population to pay the prices now demanded for imported wines and spirits; or, in fact, make any real progress until the first flood of importations, which included far too many dubious and "dud" vintages, has been cleared away.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that Americans have not yet resumed the practice of drinking with their meals. One takes alcohol before or after eating: food still is accompanied with iced water or *café au lait*; while the combination of particular wines with particular dishes is simply unheard-of throughout most of the country.

As yet beer is by far the most popular beverage. It is cheap, a fair-sized glass being obtainable in many quite reputable places for the old price of a nickel (twopence-halfpenny). It is of excellent quality, for the American brewers always were the lineal successors of the German and Bohemian brewmasters.

Scotch at a Premium

Second on the list comes the cocktail. Domestic gin costs between five and six shillings a pint. Imported—which is to say genuine—vermouth is expensive; but locally-produced imitations are not. The standard price of cocktails varies from a shilling to one and six. Third in order of popularity is whisky, mostly rye. Standard brands of Scotch are from sixteen shillings to £1 for the bottle, which in England sells at 12s. 6d.; or, by the drink, from a shilling to one-and-six for the equivalent of a "single." Matured American whiskies cost about the same, but are very scarce, as the distilleries have bought up most of the authentic stocks still existing for blending purposes.

The high price of Scotch is attributed to the import duty of £1 a gallon, plus the various excise taxes levied by individual States; but since this whisky is secured out of bond by the importer for not more than four shillings a bottle, it is obvious that there is still room for it to be cheapened considerably. But admittedly new and rather fiery rye or Bourbon is obtainable at four shillings a pint, and it naturally dominates the market.

Wines, one regrets to report, are as yet conspicuous by their absence. The primary reason for this is very simple: they are still far too expensive. The newspapers have carried pages of propaganda about the choice and service of wine; but until the present prices of imported wines are about halved, such propaganda will remain largely ineffective. A little sherry is being drunk as an aperitif, but a fairly decent Amontillado or Manzanilla costs ten to twelve shillings a bottle. Scarcely any port, or indeed any liqueur, is consumed. Champagne is £1 a bottle in the wine shops and 30s. to £2 in hotels and restaurants.

Certainly some of the blame for the relative unpopularity of wines must rest with the European shippers, who have taken advantage of the opportunity to dispose of a lot of very second-rate stuff.

Even the domestic wines at four to six shillings a bottle compare unfavourably with the *ordinaires* which can be had in England for 24s. a dozen. The net result is that the American sticks to his beer, cocktail or whisky.

The Houston-Everest Pictures

By "Squadron Leader"

BOTH the aeronautical achievements with which Lady Houston's name is associated, the winning outright of the Schneider Trophy in 1931 and the flights over Mount Everest and Kangchijunga in April 1933, have this in common, that they are both of them great adventures; feats whose recounting stirs the blood and makes the pulses beat more quickly. And I think that the exhibition of photographs now in progress at the Dover Corporation Museum, an exhibition which is to be open until May 23, enables this adventurous and romantic side of the Houston-Everest expedition to be better appreciated than any previous public occasion.

When one sees the nature of the country over which the pilots of the expedition flew, one experiences a thrill similar to that which I experienced and shall ever remember when I watched Flight-Lieut. J. N. Boothman swinging his racing seaplane round the pylons at a speed of 350 miles an hour in the last Schneider Trophy race. The black rock faces of Everest form without doubt the most terrible forced landing area in the world. A machine that had an engine failure, in that district would be dashed to pieces no matter how skilful its pilot. And it is exactly that risk, and the risks incidental to the extraordinarily disturbed air conditions in the region of the summit, that lift the Everest flights above the ordinary run of pioneering expeditions.

Everest's Plume

In themselves these photographs are admirable technical productions. There are more than fifty of them and almost every one presents some point of special interest. To the airman probably that mysterious "plume" which perpetually hangs over the peak of Everest will be especially intriguing. Cloud flying is a thing which the pilot of to-day regards as part of the ordinary every day work; but that plume is not a cloud; it is a jet of ice particles. What causes it is still a matter for discussion, Lord Clydesdale said on his return that the expedition inclined to the view that the plume was due to the immense overfall of the winds over the crest giving rise to a zone of reduced pressure, which tends to draw up the air from the Tibetan side and with it great masses of old snow and fragments of ice. But I understand that meteorologists have different theories to account for the plume.

In any case flying through that plume was an adventure of the first rank. And, speaking as a pilot, I think that flying through the regions of strongly disturbed air currents must have been equally enthralling. The declivities which the photographs illustrate so well cause the most remarkable air deflections or "bumps" as they are usually called by airmen. Once one of the machines ran into a particularly violent dis-

turbance and the pilot, Air Commodore Fellowes, found all control of the machine taken from him. The aeroplane plunged down with ailerons and rudder inoperative and nearly went into a spin; but then ran into calm air again so that the pilot was able to renew his efforts to go over the top of the mountain.

Incidentally Makalu, which is 27,790 ft. high against Everest's 29,141 ft., comes out particularly well in some of the photographs, its backbone, or ridge, accentuating the apparent steepness of its face. And a point that is to be remembered when these pictures are examined, is that the expedition had to contend with heavy cloud banks to get their photographs. It was only at times that the mountains were free from high layers of cloud, often at 18,000 ft., layers which excluded just those views which it was desired to register. So that the collection of photographs must be regarded from any angle as a really great achievement.

Spirit of Adventure

Another point which must interest the airman, is that the Houston expedition discovered that exceedingly dangerous air disturbances are frequently found to the lee of high mountains and about at the height of the summit. Winds, too, of more than 100 miles an hour force were met with in the region of the mountains when the air was calm at the aerodrome of departure. But no statement of the discoveries that were made by the expedition gives the vivid impression which can be gained from an inspection of the photographs.

And these photographs serve to emphasise the fine adventurousness of the flights. It is that spirit of adventure that is needed in aviation to-day more than ever. Certainly it is to be found among the pilots; but it is less often found among the higher ranks. And the very fact that the Everest flights and the final victory in the Schneider Trophy race, the greatest air race ever invented, would not have been possible but for the action of a private citizen, is an indication of how little store those in high places set by great deeds. Yet it is precisely that spirit of adventure that needs fostering; for it is to that that we must look for all pioneering developments in the future.

This exhibition, therefore, should act as a useful tonic to all those who feel tired and run down. It should stimulate them and show them that courageous achievements are always worth while and that great risks make great men.

DIRECT subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the *Saturday Review*, 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

The Old Inns of England

The Innkeeper's Point of View

By Clifford Hosken

THE innkeeper has many virtues, and one of them is that he seldom "answers back," no matter how unjustified his guest's complaints may be. But I think that if his guests understood his difficulties, and sometimes saw themselves through his eyes, there would be fewer, far fewer, complaints.

Now the innkeeper is a man harassed above all other business men by taxation and legislation. He is bound by arbitrary rules, and very much at the mercy of his servants and his customers. Most traders pay for their shortcomings by loss of custom only: the innkeeper may have to pay for an employee's negligence by fine in a Court of Law, and perhaps by the loss of his licence, which means his living.

To him, the servant and other domestic problems of the ordinary household are magnified enormously. Let every housewife realise this, and think of her own plight when her servants have left without warning or things have gone wrong in the kitchen on the night of a dinner party. When that happens to the innkeeper it means loss of trade. And it often happens.

The Unknown Quantity

In fact, if his guests would only realise that a country inn is a house much like their own on a bigger scale, and that the innkeeper has to cater for an unknown number of strange guests every day, and that those guests arrive demanding food or lodging at any and every hour of the day, and apply those problems to themselves, there would be a good deal more understanding and sympathy between innkeeper and customer.

Take the question of cooking, for instance.

Practically every country inn of standing is expected to serve a hot meal every day for lunch and for dinner. That meal has to be kept hot over a period of about two hours. That is to say that the traveller who arrives for lunch just after two will be served from a joint and with vegetables which were ready for the traveller who arrived perhaps just before one.

In common fairness, you cannot expect wonderful food in such circumstances. It is impossible.

Also the innkeeper has to cater for a number of guests which varies from day to day. On Monday there may be thirty, on Tuesday three. But each will expect his hot meal served at once, and will grumble if he has to wait while fresh vegetables are cooked or a grill is prepared because the joint has already been eaten up.

The innkeeper, too, has to try to satisfy his guests, no two of whose tastes are alike, a majority of whom neither know nor care anything about the nicer points of cooking. He and his servants have at times to suffer unbelievable rudeness and to listen to impossible demands which, even if he

would, he could not satisfy. For the marketing facilities of the country are strictly limited.

He has ever in mind the bugbear of waste in which his profits vanish, he has to make shift with what servants he can get, and he knows that too often, as soon as he has trained them, they leave him for the bigger wages and greater attractions of the large towns. And he is at the mercy of those servants, from whom a single act of rudeness, dishonesty or stupidity may bring disastrous consequences upon his house.

And yet he manages to maintain a very fair average of catering and comfort.

He could tell you if he would, when you criticise his fare, that what most of his guests demand is a cut off the joint and lots of it, and that few of those who demand special dishes or special cooking are willing either to give him time to prepare them or to pay the extra cost.

He would tell you, if he were tactless enough to do so, that many of his guests are mean and greedy and a proportion of them dishonest. He could often tell you, too, of efforts he has made to run his catering on less conventional lines, of the heart-breaking lack of response with which these efforts have met, and the sad tale of really good food unappreciated and wasted.

An Appreciative Minority

So the average innkeeper plays for safety. He aims rather at avoiding complaints than at seeking compliments. On the whole, the great British public gets the sort of inn it deserves.

But there is a section of the public that appreciates and deserves something better, and its numbers are growing. So are the numbers of those innkeepers who realise this fact. By thoughtful co-operation between the two the standard of the country inn may be raised above the average.

The good innkeeper is anxious to please the good customer. He knows as well as the customer that his ordinary set meal is not ideal. But he is willing to do his best to provide an ideal meal if his customer will give him time, and will pay for it. Good food costs money, and the art of good living is ruined by hurry.

The wise traveller who wants the best fare that an English country inn should give him orders his food and drink beforehand. He gives his host a couple of hours' warning. He consults his host—on the telephone, maybe—and orders the special meal. Then, when he arrives, his food is freshly cooked, his wine at the proper temperature.

He must pay for it, of course, but he would pay more for a worse meal in many a London restaurant, and he buys one of the greatest pleasures of life, a really good lunch or dinner served amid the incomparable charms of an old English country inn.

Royal Academy Impressions

By Douglas Percy Bliss

THEY say that the old jokes are best. But I did not think so when I read in a Scottish paper an account of Nevinson's lecture to the Glasgow art-students in which he dragged in that hoary paradox about artists who degenerated into Royal Academicians. For Nevinson by the way, has himself recently "degenerated" into a member of the R.O.I. and the R.B.A. How, then, could he dare say it? But in any case the joke is stone dead. It must have been a good one a century ago, or even in the "sixties" when Rossetti shocked people by boasting that he would send his solicitors to anyone who proposed him for the R.A. In the end the laugh is always with the Academy. It is 166 years old. Its power and prestige are as great as ever. Like Old Man River it just goes rolling along.

In the Fold

It is by no means an unworthy show. It is even tolerably representative of British Art in general, for the R.A. has absorbed the tradition of the new English. It can now point to John and Sickert and Spencer within the fold, and, this year, you may also see at Burlington House paintings by Lamb, Gilbert Spencer, and Lucien and Orovida Pissarro, and Sculpture by Epstein and Dobson.

The water-colour and Black and White sections are very strong. This year Sir D. Y. Cameron shows five masterly drawings of Highland places, drawings which would hold their own in any company.

Ordinarily no one bothers about the Architects; these desperately important people have a little room to themselves and the ordinary visitor uses it only as a *rendezvous* or a resting place for tired feet. Paper elevations of buildings, "poshed up" with colour washes by Walcot and others, do not go far to develop public appreciation of architectural form. The architects should try a far more extensive use of models. This year, Lutyens presents a huge model of the prodigious Metropolitan Cathedral of Liverpool. Set up in the Central Hall it blocks the view right through the Galleries. It certainly catches the eye.

The Sculptors are less enterprising than ever. There are far too many portrait busts and Cylindrical Madonnas. Epstein's head of Einstein with its curious sun-flower-like nimbus of hair is set side by side with Gilbert's shock-headed Paderewski. It is a fascinating juxtaposition. By the way, has Einstein no back to his head? Epstein is not to be trusted. Lots of his busts show this abnormality. I was fascinated by Alfred Hardiman's "Studies," two half-figures of a newborn baby. These are no conventional Renaissance "bambini." They are quite grotesquely real.

But the average visitor thinks of Art as

primarily a matter of picture-manufacture and of the Royal Academy as much the most splendid shop-window in the land for their display. What, then, of the pictures? How does Munnings fare and Lavery, and Laura Knight or the Procters? Munnings, as they say, "has a good year." He is painting, more for the mere fun of it than formerly. Now that Orpen has gone he has no rival in facility. He shows two sketches made from Pilkington Jackson's statuette of a Trooper of the Scots Greys, 1807. What feats of pictorial sleight of hand! Lavery's Premier at home in world-renowned Lossiemouth is one of his most skilful interiors. But one must be careful not to think of Zoffany or the other painters of "Conversation" masterpieces so recently exhibited in these Galleries.

Laura Knight shows a vast group "Lamorna Birch and his Daughters." It is shatteringly realistic. Otherwise, the less said about it the better. With remarkable representational gifts Laura Knight's work entirely lacks true pictorial distinction. Ernest Procter shows a jolly composition of children bathing and Dod Procter several recumbent nudes, of which the largest *The Orchard* is in colour, a rather timid experiment with the spectrum palette of Renoir. Beside it is a delightful landscape *Hill Side, St. Ives*, by Thomas Maidment.

Strange Contrasts

But it is Stanley Spencer's "year." In this his first appearance at Burlington House Spencer sends six pictures, of which four reveal a genius for imaginative design unrivalled in England to-day. His mind is haunted by the shapes of things. He seems to brood over shapes and when he comes to paint them they appear distorted, exaggerated, made strangely significant. So that sometimes the things that interest him overpower the rest in his pictures, and, if, as in *Souvenir of Switzerland*, he paints a woman carrying loaves, you can hardly see the woman for the loaves. Contrasts like this give us shocks of surprise in all his pictures, but it is delighted surprise. Here is a truly original artist who enriches our awareness of the significance of everyday things. To my mind Spencer's pictures have a freshness and force of vision that makes everything else this year seem stale and second-hand.

The main weakness of the Academy has always been the woeful preponderance of portraiture. The most hopeful thing about Spencer's appearance is that it might stimulate young painters to tempt the juries with original modern designs of an imaginative nature, instead of with the hopelessly "démodé" but safe subjects, the *Judgments of Paris*, *Births of Venus*, etc., in the tradition of Cabanel and Bougereau which still find their way into these shows.

A Soldier Speaks

GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACMUNN is the author of a considerable number of books of importance, particularly on India, a subject on which he is extremely well informed. He has now turned his attention to the general world crisis in "Britain, the World and the War God" (Sampson Low, 5s.), and as usual writes with a forceful and lively pen. He tells us how he came to write this book—"Because the world is so scared at the spectre of the War God, because so many of our prophets prophesy falsely, and because our public are bewildered, I have ventured to print what started as notes for a son reading for the Staff College."

In the first part of the work he examines, under the heading "The War God in Europe," the factors which are inimical to peace at present on the Continent. He asks who is rattling the sabre, and answers the question, with a swift change of metaphor, "Hitler has suddenly made the Blond Beast snarl." He considers the position of France, of Italy, and of Soviet Russia, with its "whole berserk attitude towards civilisation," but finds the imminent danger in "Germany 'wouffing' at France like a tiger in her cage, and France standing to arms outside lest the tiger escape,"—a not inapt description of the situation.

The second part of this book presents a quick-moving but clear picture of the position of Britain in the world, and has much that is impressive about the inadequacy of our Army, Navy and Air Forces. Of our defencelessness in the air, he says:

While we preach peace and disarmament, the winged death can get both at our shores and our shipping. It is essential to put the Air menace on safer terms forthwith. It is essential to see that there are enough commerce-protecting ships and 'planes. If the country won't do it, the Lady Houston's will!

Finally, Sir George comes to the conclusion of the whole matter—"Fear God . . . and keep your powder dry!"

R.M.

Yorkshire Relish

IN "Recollections from a Yorkshire Dale" (Heath Cranton, 3s. 6d.), the native of Yorkshire will find a book to diffuse in his heart a warm glow of affection for his own particular corner of the earth, but if he happens to be an exiled Yorkshireman, it will inevitably make him feel very homesick.

Mr. Atkinson was born and bred in Yorkshire, and years of work as a lawyer amongst his own people have given him rare opportunities of collecting material for such a book as this. He has made the most of these opportunities. A shrewd and kindly judge of men, he knows the motives and fundamental qualities of mind and heritage that go to make up the typical Yorkshire character, and the wealth of detail and depth of understanding in his treatment of local customs, traditions, superstitions, and religions reveal the true lover of the Dales and Dalesmen.

Mr. Atkinson says that his aim was to present "sketches of local character and breezes of local atmosphere," and it would indeed be difficult to find a better description of this delightful book.

Book Collector's Essays

ONE of the most attractive books which it has fallen to our lot to review for some time past, comes to us from the pen of Mr. T. J. Hardy. It is called "Books on the Shelf" and is published by Philip Allen at 7s. 6d.

Mr. Hardy is a collector of books, but he evidently collects them in the right spirit! He reads his books and, growing to love them, takes his investigations a step further and learns to know his authors. This gives him the opportunity to write these delightful essays on his heroes which fill the pages of "Books on the Shelf." They are evidence not only of considerable erudition, but are written with a real appreciation and understanding which make them intimate and alive.

Mr. Hardy has a style which charms the reader. The delightful sketch of Robert Louis Stevenson, which is almost the best in the book—and I use the word "almost" advisedly, since the whole book is so good—is a little masterpiece of descriptive writing. The portrait lives in these pages and we meet once again "the narrow-chested, long-limbed, willowy body, with its mass of dark-brown hair."

It is so easy to pick plums from this orchard of essays. There is the one on Sir Walter Scott, a little gem of appreciation, not so much of his writings, but of his extreme industry and of his philosophy of life. It is this happy faculty of getting inside his hero's skin and seeing the world from this vantage point, that makes of these sketches something to be treasured.

Few who read the book will not want to keep it by them, dipping into its pages at those odd moments when nerves are on edge and the mind needs some soothing influence.

R.K.

Kenya from Within

"THE white people in Kenya get on very well with the natives, when permitted to do so, and when the minds of the natives are not deliberately poisoned against them. But when agitators are allowed to preach Bolshevism in the Reserves—when 'educated' natives are permitted to go and stay in Moscow and when they come back air their 'views,' what hope is there for civilisation in Africa?"

Thus Eve Bache in "The Youngest Lion" (Hutchinsons, 18s.), a lively record of the farming experience of herself and her husband in Kenya and at the same time an outlet for the strong opinions she holds on this native question. She is very scornful as to the results of education on the African races and points to the Liberian Republic (recently a subject for severe indictment in a British Note) as a warning of what an Africa ruled by Africans would be like. In Kenya, she says, "with the simple folk, the backward tribes, left to the mercy of the 'educated' minority the lives of the Wa-shenzi would be a worse Hell than any their fathers knew, if all the white men went away and left Negro to rule Negro."

The Youngest Lion clearly has learnt to roar.

The Great "W.G."

AS the most famous of all famous cricketers, Dr. W. G. Grace assuredly deserved the title of "great" and to have his exploits recorded in the series of "Great Lives" published by Messrs. Duckworth (2s. each volume).

To have compressed so much of a full life in under 140 pages of print is something of an achievement, and Mr. Bernard Darwin, the author of this biography, has assuredly performed his by no means easy task well, giving us not only all the main facts, but a colourful picture of a once outstanding personality in the world of sport.

To umpires and opponents the Doctor might often have been an unholy terror. His methods, too, sometimes might fall short of what most of us regard as true sportsmanship. But at least he acted up to his own code of morals, and he was in a real sense the embodiment of the national game. While he was on the field cricket could never be dull—which is more than can be said of some of our latter-day cricket. And for all his fierceness on occasion, he had the kindest of hearts and the most lovable nature which earned him the affection of young and old.

The War, with its "mowing down" of so many young lives so precious to him, broke up his life. At the end of August 1914 he wrote to the papers, protesting against any further public cricket and urging all cricketers to set a good example by joining the Army. A little more than a year later he had a stroke and died. While cricket lasts, W.G. will never be forgotten.

Back to the Land

Many people who are not attached to the Roman Church must sympathise with part at least of the programme of the Roman Catholic land movement. With 2,000,000 unemployed in our midst it is natural that eyes should be turned to the land as a way of escape from our present industrial predicaments. Whether, however, it is profitable to embark upon any ambitious schemes of land settlement till agriculture in this country is reorganised and placed on more stable foundations is another matter.

Those behind the Roman Catholic Land Movement are apparently not content to wait upon the legislature's pleasure, though, one gathers from the preface which Mr. Hilaire Belloc contributes to "Flee to the Fields" (Heath Cranton, 5s.)—a symposium of essays explaining the objects of the Movement—that he at least recognises the need of legislation.

The Movement has already started training townsmen for subsistence farming without machinery; the next step will be to train other townsmen in village crafts. Religion is to be the cement holding these new agricultural communities together, one of the ideas being, of course, to re-establish rural Roman Catholicism.

We are assured by one of the essayists that there is nothing Utopian about their dreams; but if, as it seems, those dreams include the total disappearance of "abnormal departures from right human life" such as cities like Birmingham, one may perhaps be excused for entertaining doubts on that subject.

An Empire Poet

ON May 11 His Royal Highness the Duke of York unveiled a bust of Adam Lindsay Gordon in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Thus Gordon became the first Empire poet to be so honoured and the first addition to that famous Corner since Tennyson.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, who has been so largely responsible for the honour justly paid to Gordon, has written a worthy memoir of the poet, setting out the main incidents of his life and reproducing the best of his poems ("Adam Lindsay Gordon," Hutchinsons, illustrated, 6s.).

As he points out, Nature designed Australia and Lindsay Gordon for each other.

Australia made a man of him. And he gave Australia the grim gospel of manliness, which is to the Bushman what his *Bushido* is to the Samurai of Japan—the code by which he must not be found wanting. Had he not been the mighty horseman, the dauntless fighter that he was, Australia might never have inclined an ear, though he proclaimed his message from the housetops. At first she listened to him as a man rather than as a poet.

It was indeed a truly dramatic end to a life so full of dramatic incident that Gordon should have carefully corrected the proofs of his last book and attended to the last business in connection with its publication and then without letting another day pass have proceeded calmly to finish his life by shooting himself.

Gordon had a truly remarkable career. Educated at Cheltenham, he went to Woolwich, where he became a great friend of the other Gordon, the future hero of Khartoum. Why he never entered the Army no one really knows. But he is next found in Australia, becoming successively a mounted policeman, a horse-breaker and trainer, a Member of Parliament, a livery stable keeper, and the "most famous steeplechase rider Australia has ever known."

And as a poet Mr. Sladen calls him appropriately the "Burns of Australia."

London's Slum Problem

One of the most valuable lessons of "Housing and Slum Clearance in London," by Mr. Hugh Quigley and Miss Ismay Goldie (Methuens, 7s. 6d.) is the clear idea given of the many parties, and considerations, that have to be taken into account in dealing with the slum problem.

Much of the matter is based on reports of housing committees and municipal medical officers; and a statistical appendix, tabulating density of population, overcrowding, the numbers of houses erected in successive periods, and other important facts which contribute to the task, is very informative.

The authors, in their conclusions, take it as axiomatic that housing is no more a matter for private enterprise than such public services as water and lighting, and favour the establishment of a Ministry of Housing, and a National Building Board, to carry out schemes approved by the new Ministry. Many other subordinate bodies would be necessary for standardising the system.

This book is certainly a lucid exposition of the vast work that is to be done. A.D.

Selection of Books to Suit

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has already made one novel and film success out of the amoral character, so not unnaturally perhaps she has tried the experiment again. On this occasion ("Another Man's Wife," Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) the amoral individual is a beautiful married woman, brought up in luxury and extravagance and suddenly faced with poverty, which she cannot endure. So to escape her misery she slips into a double murder! To tell more would be to spoil a really thrilling story.

As a story-teller and craftsman Mr. W. B. Maxwell stands high among modern novelists, and one accordingly only expects the very best from him both as regards characterisation and structure of plot. In "The People of the House" (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) he has given us a slightly improbable plot and this inevitably affects the presentation of character. Still, being a Maxwell story, it is eminently readable.

Paris and Scotland in the middle of the last century provide the background for Miss Mure Mackenzie's latest novel "Single Combat" (Constable, 7s. 6d.) where once more that simple naturalness of style is in evidence creating an atmosphere of reality even when the God of coincidence has to be invoked to remove a degenerate inconvenient husband. Miss Mackenzie's characters are no mere dummy figures; they breathe and live.

A Wasted Life

Futility might aptly sum up the story of the young hero of Mr. Blackaller's "Rebel" (Sampson Low, 7s. 6d.). Yet that hero is very much alive, a distinct personality if not a particularly attractive one. Snapping his fingers at the Beyond and at the conventions to which he was born, he decided to live his own life as his inclinations took him. Then outraging his parents he went to Russia to sample communism and Bolshevik free love. Thereafter returning to England he is killed, participating in an anti-war demonstration, murmuring as he dies, "Living for nothing and dying for nothing." This brief outline does less than justice to what is a remarkable psychological study of a post-war generation's more unhappy tendencies.

Mr. Conrad H. Sayce has gone to the wilds of Central Australia for the scene of his powerfully written novel depicting the inevitable psychological conflicts arising out of a white man's love for his half-caste son whose veneer of white civilisation is too weak to withstand the imperious urge of the native blood in him. "Comboman" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) for a first novel is a remarkable achievement.

Ellison Munro's first novel, "The Deadly Virtue" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) shows distinct promise. It is a realistic study of lower middle-class life with its ceaseless struggle to keep up appearance, at whatever cost to comfort and happiness. Luckily, in this book, the younger generation revolts against genteel respectability!

An interesting character study of those who went earliest into the struggle of 1914 and came out "The Loneliest Generation" is given in May Wedderburn Cannan's first novel of that title (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.).

"Lake of Fire," by Lionel Houser (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.) is a most unusual book for it breathes of real bitterness and hate. It is the tale of the weird adventures of a dead man in search of his murderer. The scenes are set in Burma, New York, San Francisco and an old gambling ship off California. Not quite a pleasant book, but gripping.

Powerful inevitably suggests itself as an appropriate description of Mr. Alun I. Lewellyn's novel "The Deacon" (Bell, 7s. 6d.), with his big gallery of vividly painted portraits—parson, poachers, chapel-goers and village gossips. The central figure is the deacon of the chapel, a retired grocer, austere and upright, whose tragedy is that he fails to understand himself and the real selfishness of his dominating personality. A somewhat grim tale which, however, contains one hilariously funny chapter.

One could have wished that Miss Elizabeth Montgomery had selected a less dreary and unpleasant set of people to present to her readers than those which fill the pages of "Swallows" (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). That she succeeds in making out of them and of a period stretching from Victoria's reign to the Great War a story that holds the reader's attention is a tribute to her abilities as a novelist. One looks forward with confidence to her next book.

Old London Bridge

Mr. Philip Lindsay has already shown his gift for dramatic narrative, combined with a true sense of historical values, in "Here comes the King." He has now produced another historical novel, dealing not with Court life, but with tradesmen and merchants of the burgher classes in the days of Henry VI ("London Bridge is Falling," Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.). In his own words, it is a Street Scene of the mid-fifteenth century. If he has allowed himself, as he admits, some little latitude with unimportant facts and in toning down the crudities of medieval life, he has at the same time presented his readers with a convincingly accurate picture of the period about which he writes. One of the best of recent novels.

In gaily fantastic and satirical vein is Mr. Eric Linklater's "The Revolution" (The White Owl Press, 3s. 6d.). Here we have the story of a Revolution in Baltland, engineered by an actor who wanted to banish dullness from the country and succeeded in banishing himself and his wife in the Royal entourage and in leaving behind a still duller and more soulless régime! The finale is the return of the actor to Baltland to start another Revolution, this time to reinstate the exiled monarch. This slight plot, with its obvious moral, affords Mr. Linklater plenty of scope for delicate irony.

Gay and fantastic, too, is the story, now published for the first time, of the late Ronald Firbank—"The Artificial Princess" (Duckworth, 6s.). Sir Coleridge Kennard, in an introduction, explains how the manuscript came into his possession. He puts its composition slightly prior to "Vainglory" and notes how certain passages are similar in both books. The style is mature and typical with the same preciousness of phrase and subtle wit that distinguishes Firbank's best work.

Messrs. Constable have just published a revised Standard Edition of "Short Stories, Scraps and Shavings by Bernard Shaw" (7s. 6d.), illustrated copiously with wood engravings by John Farleigh. Among the stories is "The Adventures of the Black Girl in search for God," which was not included in the earlier Limited Collection Edition.

In "England in the Eighteenth Century" (A. C. Black, 8s. 6d.) Mr. W. T. Seeley has provided a valuable historical text-book, primarily intended for those sitting for the Higher School Certificate, Scholarship and Intermediate Degree examinations, but which should also appeal to a wider public. He has succeeded in giving to the chief events of the period from 1689-1815 their proper

all Tastes

perspective as the beginnings of movements for social and political reform and for imperial expansion in the nineteenth century. In addition to tracing the main lines of political history and policy he has devoted special attention to such topics as the agrarian and industrial changes, the building up of the British Empire and the development of the British constitution.

In our editorial notes of last week a quotation was made from Lt.-Colonel John Alfred Wylie's "India at the Parting of the Ways" (Lincoln Williams, 8s. 6d.). The book contains an excellent historical survey which should be useful to all earnest students of the Indian question. Coloney Wylie has secured Sir Michael O'Dwyer's blessing for his book and that in itself is sufficient recommendation. He also appears to have ample justification for emphasising three "inescapable facts"—(1) that Congress regards itself as sole arbiter of India's destiny; (2) that its succession to the present "satanic" Government is assured; and (3) that every obligation inherited from that Government will be repudiated.

Autobiographies of seamen are rather a rarity, and so one can welcome "Deep Water" by Pryce Mitchell (Hurst & Blackett, 18s.), the story of a Merchant Service skipper's life. Starting before the mast in sail, Captain Mitchell has had an adventurous career, including nearly a year in the Australian Bush when he deserted as a boy. His is a stirring story and one which does one good to read. There is, in the author's unpretentious words, a quality of courage and perseverance which brought this man up from a seaman's life in the fo'castle to the bridge as captain of one of the crack liners on the South American run.

It is, perhaps, needless to add that the book is intensely interesting. No story of this kind could very well fail to be. And the wisdom and foresight with which Captain Mitchell planned his career is a testimony to his ultimate success. Not many people in these days take as much trouble as did Captain Mitchell, and perhaps his story will serve some other purpose than the passing of a few contented hours in the reading of it.

Near East Scenes

In the course of thirty years' travel and residence in the Near East Sir Harry Luke has acquired such a knowledge of its inmost life, and has seen so many developments, that his latest work, "An Eastern Chequer Board" (Lovat Dickson, 12s. 6d.), is a valuable compendium of information, and criticism, that no student of the Near East should miss. Sir Harry's earlier works dealing with various aspects of Oriental administration and idiosyncracies are well known; in this volume he quotes from some of these, but its real aim is to collect memories of customs and traditions that modernising influences threaten to banish, and to consider the new conditions. It is a book of striking contrasts: we visit the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and also regard the worshippers of Satan, a divinity who, to his Yezidi followers, is no "Prince of Darkness," but is visualised as a Peacock Angel. Further contrasts are provided by visits to Mount Athos in peace and war.

The stories of the Khoja, a practical jester on whom humorous anecdotes have been fathered for five centuries, reveal a satiric, cynical humour that one does not as a rule associate with the Turk. Cameos of the Holy Fire at Jerusalem, of historic events at Famagusta, the "Seaport in Cyprus" of "Othello," of the Admiral who inspected an out-of-date Turkish battleship, are some of the varied items in this captivating book. Thirty-two plates illustrate it, and a useful glossary of terms is appended. And if Sir Harry Luke suffers from a slight sense of disillusionment at the latter day developments of his beloved Near East, he will probably write another book presently to describe its survival as a land of charm in spite of everything.

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Few of us are completely indifferent to the glamour that surrounds those who live in the limelight of public interest. Therefore "Guardians of the Great," by E. T. Woodhall (Blandford Press, 7s. 6d. Illustrated) should enjoy wide popularity. Mr. Woodhall has for many years been a member of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard, that body of detectives whose business it is to exercise "protective surveillance" over the great ones of the earth, and in his capacity of seeing but unseen guardian, he has gained much first-hand knowledge of the personalities and characteristics of the important personages for whose safety he has been responsible. His distinguished charges have included Royalty, Members of Parliament, Foreign potentates and other celebrities, and whether he is relating his own experiences, or describing the general work of this unobtrusive section of the Police Force, his book is equally readable. Many are the tales he has to tell of narrowly averted tragedies or of the ingenious frustration of plans for the destruction of life and property, and the book forms a valuable record of the tact and efficiency of a band of men whose activities too often escape recognition.

Finer Shades of Poetry

Mr. Herbert E. Palmer is, of course, one who has held a high position among modern poets for some years; and one turned to his new volume, "Summit and Chasm" (Dent, 5s.), with a thrill of expectation, and was not disappointed. The old power is here—not having, as in the case of some of his contemporaries, gone out after the appearance of his first collected poems. Yet what is that power, and how can we place Mr. Palmer? "Bonfire," "The Swindler Holds Forth," "The People Pray" and "First Winter Snow" all disclose his many-sided genius and his curious limitations—the glitter of his love, the deep irony of his hate, and the rather brooding dignity of his philosophical and theological thought.

A Classic of Claret

Claret and the White Wines of Bordeaux. By Maurice Healy. Constables, 5s.

[REVIEWED BY H. WARNER ALLEN]

MR. HEALY has written the classic on Claret. Never has the true spirit of a noble wine been celebrated with greater zest or more discriminating taste. One may disagree with the author on points of detail such as particular vintages, but there is no wine-lover who will not delight in the enthusiasm that drives his pen, the wit that—save the mark!—almost turns Bordeaux into a sparkling wine and that wide human understanding of men and wines which commends friendship and admiration.

One can read Mr. Healy's comprehensive story of Bordeaux red and white far more easily than most novels; for he has been magically successful in avoiding that catalogue form which besets most of us who write about wine. Somehow he has worked into his little book every wine that matters and adorned each vineyard name with that touch of wine wisdom which in practice transfigures aroma and bouquet.

To Gladden Their Hearts

I once hit a golf ball and lost it, and have not the smallest intention of ever spoiling a good walk with a club and a ball. Yet I read Mr. Bernard Darwin's articles on golf with real enjoyment. Similarly, teetotallers and health faddists who are particular as to the vintage of their water will not be able to put aside Mr. Healy's book once they have started it. They will have to read it to the end, and it will do them no end of good, even if it fails to bring them to the righteous conclusion of making their hearts glad with the juice of the grape.

Mr. Healy fights like an Irishman to prove that his country has a claim to one of the Big Four and that Haut Brion the magnificent preserves for all time the memory of John Brian. Stranger things have been true in history. In this connection, he states that everyone accepts the attribution of the St. Emilion vineyard of Ausone to the Silver Latin poet Ausonius. I do not think that anyone who has studied that poet's works can believe that his beloved vineyard was near St. Emilion. Actually he writes of his villa "apud Pauliacum," and if that is not Pauillac, what is?

Wonders of Nature

Nature lovers will delight in Frances Countess of Warwick's "Nature's Quest" (Murray, 7s. 6d., illustrated by Richard B. Ogle). In this she lays no claim to scientific knowledge, but modestly offers the observations of one who has loved Nature and studied her. Her book covers a wide field—the senses of birds, mating and nesting, bird sanctuaries, sight and hearing in animals, colour in Nature, life cycle of an insect and insect wonders, intelligence in animals, life in the water, flowers and trees and the vegetable kingdom. She shows throughout an enquiring mind into the many puzzles that Nature sets us. And the underlying purpose of her attractive book is to promote a greater understanding and proper treatment of man's furred and feathered friends.

Your Dogs

A Diversion for Women

By A. Croxton Smith

FROM the earliest times women have been devoted to dogs. One reads how the grand dames of ancient Greece and Rome had their small pets, one of which no doubt was what is still known as the Maltese, a tiny creature with a wealth of long white hair. He manages to survive, though in limited numbers, his heavy coat, perhaps, being thought to need too much washing to make him suitable for every household.

In mediæval times and later, the favourite toy dog on the continent was the dwarf spaniel, for the breeding of which Bologna was celebrated in the days of Louis XIV, who paid extravagant prices for some of them.

Madame, sister-in-law of this monarch, was once advised to get an eiderdown quilt that had just been invented. "I never in my life heard of an eiderdown quilt," she exclaimed. "What keeps me warm in bed are six little doggies, which lie round me. No quilt is so warm as the good doggies."

It is possible that our own King Charles spaniels are the descendants of these, for when they were popular at the courts of the Tudors they had normal muzzles instead of the short faces that were bred on them less than a hundred years ago. A little dog once vexed the domestic life of a philosopher—Sir Thomas More to wit. In a Life of him, written while he lived, we are told that "Sir Thomas his last wife loved little doggs to play withall." She happened to be presented with one that had been stolen from a beggar woman, who, on seeing it in the arms of a serving man, claimed it from my lady, and made such a fuss that Sir Thoms intervened. Like a sensible man, he paid for the dog and gave it to his wife.

Tastes have changed in modern days. Though many women remain faithful to the toy breeds, the great majority have taken up terriers and sporting dogs, and since the War women vastly outnumber the men as breeders and exhibitors at shows. There are few breeds in which they are not predominant.

Perhaps the Duchess of Newcastle may be regarded as the pioneer, for at the beginning of this century she gave up borzois, which she had done so much to establish, and went in for fox terriers, that until then had been almost entirely in the hands of men. She was so successful that her strain has completely revolutionised the wire-haired variety.

In another direction Lorna Countess Howe has given a lead by running Labradors and spaniels at field trials, as well as exhibiting them. She was the first of her sex to judge at important trials, and her services are now in much demand.

Lady Howe is chairman of the Ladies' Kennel Association, which has just held its annual show at the Crystal Palace. This, one of the most important events of the year, is managed entirely by women, who do their work most efficiently. The large entry that was obtained is an indication that their efforts are appreciated.

Theatre Notes

By Russell Gregory

The Voyage Inheritance

By Harley Granville-Barker. Sadler's Wells.

THERE is a breadth and solidity about "The Voyage Inheritance" which is too often lacking in plays written in these turbulent times. Mr. Granville-Barker's play carries its thirty years well even though, in the fifth act, it shows signs of getting a bit thin on top. Old Mr. Voyage's disgraceful manipulation of his clients' money and the sophistries with which he excuses his behaviour are just as good "theatre" to-day as they were in 1903.

Perhaps Ernest Voyage's impeccable character and his devotion to a worn out ideal seem a little priggish in these sophisticated days, but the way in which he struggles with his load of mischief can still keep one enthralled until within ten minutes of the final curtain. Of these last ten minutes it would be kinder to remain silent. They are over-elaborate, sentimental and frankly boring.

The acting was in every way worthy of the play. I have never seen Mr. Felix Aylmer give such a good performance. His suave villainy is worth going miles to see. Mr. Archibald Batty, too, very nearly achieved the impossible; he almost brought a purely stock character to life. Dame May Whitty as Mrs. Voyage and Mr. O. B. Clarence in his original part gave just those perfect performances which one has always expected from them and never been disappointed. Mr. Maurice Evans had an extraordinarily difficult task as Edward Voyage, but through his sheer sincerity achieved it with honour. Miss Beatrix Thomson is such a clever actress that it was distressing to see her miscast as Alice Maitland; she was also unfortunate in having to cope with the worst ten minutes in the play.

She Loves Me Not

Adelphi Theatre

It would be quite unprofitable to describe the career of Curley Flagg in any detail. The fact that she was present—very much present—when a murder was committed made her an important witness against the murderer, and the avoidance of this gentleman's hostile attentions involved her and the under-graduates—or are they sophomores?—of Princetown in some pretty hectic and not always credible adventures. Even the Dean did not escape but was duly compromised with the rest of them.

Most of her escapades took place when the poor girl was wearing the minimum of clothing, which may account for the fact that in the list of acknowledgments in the programme there is never a mention of gowns. It might at least have included "trunks and brassière by accident."

Still, it was all great fun and with the artful aid of a technique of production borrowed from the cinema everything went at a tremendous pace. Vera Marshe gave a most spirited performance as Curley Flagg. William Harrigan carried off all the honours on the merely male side, and there

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was a beautiful little character sketch by Roberta Beatty.

The Lawyer and the Roses

Arts Theatre Club.

I have not the pleasure of knowing anything about the Charter Theatre under whose auspices, by arrangement with the Arts Theatre Club, this play was produced, but if its members would take a word of advice from a cynical old gentleman who loves the theatre they would at least take the trouble to read the plays before they allow them to be performed. A production of this kind merely brings the Society or whatever it is into ridicule apart from inflicting a lot of unnecessary suffering on artists and audience alike. For my part I am sufficiently hard-baked to be unmoved by the official "blurb" which informs me what a great play it is in the opinion of the dramatic critics in Warsaw. I do not know the dramatic critics of Warsaw nor they me, nor do I imagine we should like each other if we did. Certainly if "The Lawyer and the Roses" is their criterion of a great play we should hate each other at sight.

I do not propose to describe the plot of this play because it is too footling; in any case, there were mercifully only two performances, which relieves me of any responsibility in the matter.

Notes from a Musical Diary

By Herbert Hughes

BETWEEN Covent Garden and the absurdly-named London Music Festival—to say nothing about the spate of recitals which infests the town at this time of year—critics and amateurs of music are having a lively time. When these lines are already in print the first cycle of *Der Ring* will have been completed and (it is easy to predict) the production of Weinberger's *Schwanda, der Dudelsackpfeifer* will be the latest subject of dinner-table conversation, the greatest success since *Rosenkavalier*.

It has taken just seven years for the young Czech composer's masterpiece to reach this country—it was produced in his native Prague in April, 1927—after careering brilliantly round half Europe. Never was success more justified. Here is a work that makes immediate appeal and has the qualities that endure. The story of the bagpiper, Schwanda, is based on an old legend; it has fantasy, plenty of dramatic interest, humour, sentiment; the characters include an icy Queen (a sort of Turandot), a robber, a devil (not a Mefisto), and Schwanda's pretty wife; and the music, cunningly orchestrated, is spiced with Bohemian folk-tunes and lively dance rhythms. A particularly alluring song is Schwanda's *Wie kann ich denn vergessen* in the second Act. We are likely to become better acquainted with this charming and well-made opera.

A Monstrous Work

This so-called Festival organised by the B.B.C., with its periodic concerts spread over twelve days, strides through our midst like an uninvited Brobdingnagian, heavy and overwhelming. Bax's fifth Symphony and Elgar's "Enigma" Variations have found a place in international programmes, likewise a renovated Overture by that promising young composer, Cyril Scott, the hero of a newspaper competition. With elephantine persistence some musical directorate of the B.B.C.—how many are there?—has again foisted Hindemith's *Das Unaufhörliche* (The Perpetual) on a long-suffering public. This was the second time in thirteen months, and the public showed its appreciation by the exercise of intelligent apathy in Queen's Hall or listening-in (if at all) to something else.

I am far from being alone in hoping that this monstrous, this pretentious, impudent and windy work will now be shelved, definitely and finally. After a few years it might, perhaps, be brought out and discussed by, say, Sir Walford Davies in a broadcast lecture on Music in Relation to German Philosophy; such ageing members of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra who have survived could be roped in for the purposes of illustration, and the rising generation of listeners could be instructed in the history of non-expressionist music.

He could, in that persuasive way of his, point out that in the early nineteen-thirties it was not considered necessary or advisable to select a text that had any real meaning, that would bear any

sort of intellectual analysis. The ideal language should be static and inexpressive as a dead fish so that the composer should have creative freedom. The German composers of the now-forgotten Hindemith group required, he could point out, freedom to avoid charm, to escape any of the ordinary, familiar emotions. They had to admit rhythm, of course, and dynamics; but their end was non-dimensional decoration, design without dramatic implications. Music to these parvenus of music was a game of exploitation only to be abandoned when their public found them out.

The Cinema

By Mark Forrest

"CRAINQUEBILLE," made from Anatole France's satire, is at the Academy, where the silent version of the same story was presented a few years ago. This time it has been directed by Mr. Jacques de Baroncelli and not by Mr. Feyder, but, in spite of the great difficulties necessarily attendant upon putting Anatole France's philosophical mind upon the screen, the director has succeeded in producing a picture which holds one's interest.

Some people will, I am afraid, find the development somewhat slow, and there is so little story, in the Hollywood sense of the word, that they may become restless from the lack of any excitement, but the old Paris cōstermonger, who is arrested for saying "Mort aux vaches" when he hasn't said it and fails to get arrested when he has, is beautifully played by Tramel, and his performance should compensate them.

William Powell's new picture, "Fashions of 1934," comes to the Regal. He always has a big following, and in this film plays his customary rôle of suave villainy. For the mere man there is much too much of the fashions, and I had many moments of torpor, but women should be kept enthralled.

The picture has been lavishly produced, and there is one big number in which ostrich-feather fans are used to make up some beautiful "shots," but William Powell's "racket," which consists of copying French models and sending them to America, is not handled with the usual slickness. The construction creaks and the dialogue does not always sparkle.

Finally there is "Viva Villa" at the Empire. This is a savage, inhuman business, but it is a very finely produced film. The story is founded on the life of Pancho Villa, and the scenes in Mexico have been conceived and photographed on a grand scale. The script writers have taken a great deal of liberty with the history of this Mexican bandit, but they have given Wallace Beery the part of his life, and he has seized his chance with both hands.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford Street. (Ger. 2981)

Premiere Anatole France's sociological study of Paris cōster life

"CRAINQUEBILLE" (U)

with Tramel, and

"HUNGARIA" (U)

Correspondence

Patriotic Press Wanted

(To Lady Houston, D.B.E.)

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—The *Saturday Review* and Sir Oswald Mosley's periodicals are the only newspapers I have come across, which have a genuinely sane and patriotic ring about them, and which are not afraid to go to the nation with the truth.

The *Saturday Review* is a very good sixpenny worth and I am sure that very many people like myself are ready and willing to pay twopence for papers such as *The Fascist Week* and *Fascism in Britain*, but there are an enormous number of people who simply cannot afford even twopence a week for a paper. Would it be possible to publish a "patriotic paper" at a penny per week, thus placing the real state of affairs before a larger proportion of the British Public?

This is only a suggestion, but when one reads, among other fiascos, of decent working-class people, having, through Governmental mismanagement, to subsist as best they can upon a weekly food ration of 8½d. per head (*Sunday Observer* of to-day), one feels that something must be done to stir up the country against this appalling maladministration.

I wish the *Saturday Review* every success, and hope that you and your fellow workers will become an ever increasing force in the land. KATHARINE L. NASH.

15, Hesper Mews, Bramham Gardens, S.W.5.

A.A.B. Up in Arms

SIR,—In a letter which you published last week a correspondent criticises a statement of mine that about 20 years ago the electric companies were extremely ignorant and careless in the matter of electric fittings. Your correspondent goes on to describe this comment as both ignorant and careless. I prefer my experience to his, although Mr. Cramb is Director and secretary of Electrical Development Associations. I had my house wired for electric light 20 years ago, and on having it decorated quite recently, I found that the wires had been installed in wooden casings.

I must also take exception to some remarks of the *Tablet* which you quote. I was the Editor of the *Saturday Review* from 1914 to 1921. The *Tablet* comments that enormous sums have been wasted on the *Saturday Review* in the past, and that "more than one editor has drawn a salary grossly disproportionate to his abilities and industry." I do not know what qualifications the *Tablet* has of judging of either salaries or ability; but if any of the "enormous sums" had found its way into the coffers of the *Tablet*, their comments would probably have been more polite, and certainly more truthful. A.A.B.

Air Transport—Valediction

SIR,—Before I leave your hospitable shores, after a two months' tour of investigation on behalf of the aviation industry of Australia, may I publicly offer thanks, as I have already done personally on several occasions, for the kindness I have received in Great Britain, and, may I say also throughout the many countries of the Continent I have visited, during my stay in Europe?

Your conditions, the conditions of Europe generally, are very different from the conditions we enjoy in Australia. Your weather—I have the highest admiration for your pilots who have to fly in all weathers—is different: your distances are different: passport and customs conditions are different.

But air transport can be made to fit all circumstances, and your small country with its huge population will find it as valuable as my vast country with its sparse population.

Air transport, I am convinced, is the transport of the future, and Great Britain already recognises it. When next I visit London—it is fifteen years since I was last here—I hope that every big town will have its municipal aerodrome, as the big towns of Australia already have, and that the number of private aviators will have multiplied exceedingly. F. W. HAIG.

Chief Aviation Officer, Vacuum Oil Company of Australia.

Every Man to His Taste

SIR,—This letter is certain to be unpalatable to you as it intends to state why Socialism is more attractive to me, a product of a State secondary school, than your Imperialist efforts.

The most superficial observation reveals a nation which can create enough for everybody and whose inventors are ever devising some technical improvement to produce even more, and yet is unable to guarantee the necessities of life to all its members.

Any group which attempts to explain this phenomenon and offers a corrective, demands and obtains, more respect than one which ignores it altogether.

Do you offer a solution?

This is not the type of letter which finds room in the *Saturday Review*, yet if you do not discuss and disprove Socialist arguments can you hope to obtain any recruits?

Appeal must be made to the intelligence and the emotions, waving the Union Jack is not enough.

Need is a greater force than "patriotism."

CYRIL E. DODD.

15, Syr David's Avenue, Canton, Cardiff.

[The Conservatism we stand for will, when we find the men to carry it out, bring prosperity, contentment and security to Britain and the Empire. The Socialism our correspondent stands for will not cure unemployment; it will merely lead to chaos. As for flag-waving, we admit to being proud of the Union Jack and to having nothing but loathing for the Red Flag which Socialism at the moment keeps discreetly in the background.—ED.]

L.C.C. Empire Day Ban

SIR,—It is with regret that the Empire Day Movement has heard of the determination of the present majority of the L.C.C. to try to ban Empire Day celebrations from their schools and substitute for what we have hitherto called Empire Day a "Commonwealth and League of Nations Day."

There can be no objection to a special day being set apart for the object the L.C.C. have in mind; but we very strongly object—as we believe the majority of the parents of the London children will do—to any alteration in a name which symbolises not only the Commonwealth of Nations, but the unity of 493 million people who are proud to be under the protection of the British flag.

When founding the Empire Day Movement, the late Earl of Meath stated that the Watchwords of the Movement were: RESPONSIBILITY, DUTY, SYMPATHY and SELF-SACRIFICE. Can anyone object to these ideals?

Royal Empire Society,
Northumberland Av., W.C.2.

W. A. WAYLAND,
Chairman,

Empire Safety and Employment

SIR,—Under the impression that by cutting down our defensive forces the nation will save millions and the cause of peace be assisted, our country is being placed in a perilous position, while other countries, instead of following our lead are improving their defences.

Except for a country short of labour for industrial expansion and those unable to manufacture their own armaments, the saving is comparatively small compared with the great risk, and this is particularly so in the case of Great Britain, dependent for her very existence on outside food supplies—I believe the only great nation in the world in such a position.

Owing to reductions in our Forces, shipbuilding yards, munition factories, etc., large numbers of men are unemployed; the bulk of these are highly trained for special work but are unsuitable for the ordinary labour market.

A Naval and Aircraft building programme would absorb many unemployed seamen, shipbuilders and workers into allied factories, and thus make it easier for the ordinary industrial worker to find employment.

A nation prepared is less likely to be attacked, and we should not be risking the existence of our overseas Dominions in the event of trouble. E.B.

Enfield, Middlesex.

Stock Market Strength

Chances of a Rubber "Boom"

[By Our City Editor]

THE first week of the twenty-one-day Whitsun account on the Stock Exchange has revealed the inherent strength of markets now that one or two unhealthy speculative positions have been liquidated. Gilt-edged stocks continue to rise by reason of their scarcity and the continued evidence of cheap money provided each week by the Treasury Bill allotment at under $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while Industrials are favourably affected by the improved reports of the leading companies and the increase in employment, the latest figures showing an improvement of 82,000 in the past month.

After the Budget the Bull account in Industrials, with its consequent carry-over difficulties, was responsible for a set-back, but the market now looks set for a steady rise. Even Textiles have rallied on the Government's belated action with regard to Japanese dumping. Rails, unfortunately, are depressed by the wages talk and the "stale Bulls" in this market have for a long time prevented a genuine advance. But here again conditions are becoming more healthy and holders should not be unduly worried by the slight reaction from such a prolonged rise as Home Rails have enjoyed.

A Rubber "Boom"

Speculative markets, are, perhaps, the most interesting at the moment for as we have pointed out before, the advance in British credit to a 3 per cent. basis is not an unmixed blessing, in that it drives the investor to seek profits on capital appreciation rather than pay tax at $\frac{4}{6}$ in the £ on a 3 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. genuine investment income. West African gold mines are by no means a spent force, though some of the less knowledgeable speculators in this market should have learned their lesson, and South Africans, though at the moment under the Bear influences of pessimistic views concerning future Union taxation of the mines, offer not only a fair income but also the chance of further capital appreciation over a fairly long period.

Much of the purely speculative interest has gone into the Rubber market where the advance in the commodity towards what most dealers regard as the probable basic restriction price, viz. 9d. per lb., has attracted big buying for shares of all classes. The present three-weeks account gives speculators a good chance of taking a quick profit and indeed, it will be necessary to do so since carry-over facilities are likely to be distinctly limited, and the mild restriction to be imposed for the next six

months is not a "Bull" point. While, taking a long view, Rubber shares are likely to enjoy a good recovery, the safety-valve for this market lies in the fact that so many holders of shares are only waiting an opportunity to realise almost forgotten holdings at anything like a serious price. Thus the usual foundation of the speculative boom, shortage of shares, is at the moment missing, and those of the public who are minded to "have a gamble" will do well to remember that they may only be playing the part of philanthropist to the patient holder of Rubber shares.

Of the 2s. shares one is still inclined to favour those with low costs, among which may be mentioned Gordon Malaya, Serom, Teluk Piah and Allagar, which are obtainable around par, while Johore River are promising at 1/3d.

Dunlop Accounts

As indicated by the preliminary figures, the Dunlop Rubber Company's net profits for 1933 amounted to £1,512,866, an increase of £652,789, compared with the 1932 figure general reserve being brought up to £1,124,843 by the transfer of £200,000, while £403,956 is reserved for taxation. The dividend is doubled at 8 per cent. and the accounts make a good showing in more senses than one; in that they are most informative, disclosing in full the total reserves of £4,346,887 which compare with £4,226,902 a year previously, while a consolidated balance-sheet for the whole Dunlop group is given including the position of the concerns in which Dunlop subsidiaries are interested to the extent of control. The total of the consolidated balance-sheet is £29,420,000, which compares with £22,213,000 a year previously and gives an idea of the importance of the Dunlop undertaking.

The Dunlop Rubber Company has shown, as quickly as any of the leading British concerns, the effects of trade recovery and the expansion in the the past year's profits is a tribute to the efficiency of the undertaking, costs having been cut to the minimum during the period of depression but obviously without in any way impairing profit-earning capacity. The company actually made a profit of £203,000 on exchange, but so much of its business is normally international that more stable conditions and free exchanges would benefit Dunlop's to a far greater extent than this. Dunlop stock yields about 3 per cent. at its present price and there is every prospect of the return being even lower in the near future.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds exceed £43,000,000. Total Income exceeds £10,742,000.

LONDON : 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH : 64, Princes Street.

Insurance Problems

The Seven Ages of Man

No. 1—THE BABY

By A. H. Clarke

WHILE it is not my business to remind parents of their responsibilities, I can at least suggest a plan which will not only benefit the children, but could be used as collateral security should they be faced with an unexpected call upon their finances. I am assuming that the parent himself holds adequate life cover—which, of course, is unquestionably his first duty.

Let us imagine the arrival of your first child. You have now an opportunity to make an investment for him or her at a minimum cost. The plan I have in mind calls for an annual premium of £37 13s. 9d.

When the child becomes of age, you will have the following options, any one of which can be selected to suit the circumstances:—

(1) Make no further payments and have:—

(a) A cash sum of one thousand guineas.

Or:—

(b) A Life Policy, sharing in profits, for £3,060, fully paid-up and requiring no further premiums whatever.

Alternatively:—

(2) Continue payments of £37 13s. 9d. for a further 25, 30, 35 or 40 years as an:—

(c) Endowment Policy, as follows:—

If payable at age 45 next birthday ... £2,792

If payable at age 50 next birthday ... £3,241

If payable at age 55 next birthday ... £3,678

If payable at age 60 next birthday ... £4,077

If any of these four alternatives are chosen, the policy will participate in profits every five years, and the guaranteed sum assured will be payable at the age selected or at previous death.

(d) Continue payments of £37 13s. 9d. and have a whole life policy of £5,000, sharing in profits.

Assume that when the child reaches 14 years of age, you desire to apply this policy towards education, it will provide an annual amount as follows:—

At age 14	...	£168	1s. 8d.	a year for 4 years.
" 14	...	£136	7s. 10d.	" 5 years
" 15	...	£184	3s. 0d.	" 4 years
" 15	...	£149	8s. 6d.	" 5 years

The above instalments are guaranteed, but will be increased by excess interest dividends on the balance of the proceeds remaining with the Company. The instalments show a return exceeding three per cent. interest compounded annually, which is free of Income Tax and Sur-tax.

"A.I." from S.E.11 writes: "Will you tell me how much income tax is deducted on a £65 per annum annuity, and is the tax stopped if you have no other income coming in?"

Answer: If your total income including the annuity renders you exempt from income tax, then your company should pay you in full. If your total income renders you liable to tax at either the whole or half the standard rate on any portion of your income, then the deduction at that rate would be made on the whole of your annuity. But you could reclaim any amount over-deducted.

COMPANY MEETING

EAGLE STAR

Satisfactory Results in all Departments Largely Increased Profits

Presiding at the annual general meeting of the Eagle Star & British Dominions Insurance Company, Limited, held on (Tuesday) Sir Edward Mountain, Bart., J.P., in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts said they had made a profit in every department, had written off some substantial items of a non-recurring nature, and also the heavy depreciation on their American securities caused by the depreciation in the Dollar. In spite of that they had considerably increased the carry forward in the Profit and Loss Account.

LIFE DEPARTMENT

The Life Department continued to expand, and new policies numbering 2,494 were issued for sums assured of £2,370,701 gross. Over 99 per cent. of this business was done in the United Kingdom. Their current Life Assurance and Annuity Funds now stood at £5,472,461, showing an advance of £495,000 on the year. The average rate of interest earned on these Funds was £5' 5s. 5d. per cent. gross, and £4 6s. per cent. net, while the Fund now shows a large appreciation on Investments. The Directors had decided to increase the rate of interim Bonus in the current Life Fund for the second half of the quinquennium. The Total Assets of the Life Department (including both the Current and Closed Life Funds) exceeded £15,900,000.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

In the Fire Department the premium income amounted to £810,289, an increase of £14,284 upon that of the previous year. The loss ratio, after providing for all outstanding claims, was 44.31 per cent. to premiums written, and 45.01 per cent. to premiums earned. There was a net profit of £36,846 or 4.55 per cent. as compared with £20,880 last year, while the Fire Department Reserve Fund amounted to £424,115 or 52.34 per cent. of the Premium Income.

ACCIDENT AND GENERAL DEPARTMENTS

In the Accident Department, after providing for claims paid and outstanding and setting aside the usual reserve of 40 per cent. for unexpired risks in connection with the ordinary premium income, a profit of £9,913 was transferred to Profit and Loss Account.

Their General Insurance Department showed eminently satisfactory results. The total premium income amounted to £378,058, while claims paid and outstanding totalled £117,412. After setting aside the reserve of 40 per cent. in respect of unexpired risks, a profit of £89,772 was transferred to Profit and Loss Account.

MOTOR DEPARTMENT

The premium income in the Motor Department amounted to £1,032,746, an increase of £38,301 on the previous year. After providing the usual reserve of 40 per cent. for unexpired risks, a profit of £33,322 has been transferred to Profit and Loss Account.

MARINE DEPARTMENT

In the Marine Department they were able to transfer to Profit and Loss £25,000, and the Marine Fund at the end of the year amounted to £403,573 equal to 149.60 per cent. of the premium, as compared with 144.22 per cent. last year.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Turning to the Profit and Loss Account he said the amount credited from the various operating Departments was £324,349. Adding interest of £154,582 and a credit of £50,000 released from Exchange Fluctuation Account, together with the amount carried forward from last year there was a total of £599,713. After providing for £61,002 Bonus issued to the Preference Shareholders, for the Expenses of Management not charged to other Accounts, Colonial and Foreign Taxation, Reserve for British Taxation, and Writing off £29,511, the expenses of the New Issue of Preference Capital, £90,000 was transferred to Investment Fluctuation Account and £60,240 was written off the Cost of Life Business Acquired, leaving to be carried forward £147,810 as compared with £131,782 brought in.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted.

Broadcasting Notes

By ALAN HOWLAND

SOME time or other the B.B.C. will have to make up its mind what it means by "advertising." It has always been the rule that no commercial product of any kind may be mentioned before the microphone. Talks by eminent professors have been examined with a microscope in order to make sure that no reference has been made to "Beefo," comedians' gags have been ruthlessly rammed back into their mouths because they have been suspected of containing an oblique puff for a make of car or a tooth paste; in fact, the official blue pencil has travelled over every manuscript and trembled whenever it came to a word beginning with a capital letter.

There came one glorious day when the ban was lifted on certain commodities because they had become household words, and also because so many jokes had been made about them. Even I am not such a heretic as to say what these commodities were.

Boost Gratis

While this niggling censorship was in full blast the B.B.C. was giving a gratuitous boost to a certain selected number of hotels and restaurants by broadcasting their dance bands or their lunch-time music. It was also giving certain musical shows at London theatres thousands of pounds' worth of advertisement by broadcasting an excerpt of a quarter of an hour's duration. The pundits never stopped to consider why it was wicked to advertise "Beefo" and laudable to advertise "The Girl from Oshkosh, Pa." They never had any idea when they were guilty of taking the "i" out of venial.

As those lovely woolly-bearded Gentlemen in the Immortal Hour would say, "that was in the old, old, far-off days." Things are infinitely

worse nowadays. It is still sinful for a comedian to mention anybody's brand of tooth paste, but it is not sinful for the B.B.C. to give listeners a personally conducted tour of the factory where the tooth paste is made or to haul the not-too-reluctant managing director to the microphone on the flimsy pretext that he is "In Town To-night." A character in a play may not say that he is reading Miss So-and-So's latest novel, published by Mac Smith at 7s. 6d., but the official book reviewer may spend twenty minutes in pointing out the virtues of the same book.

Incognito

This is not all. There was once a time when personal publicity for members of the staff was absolutely forbidden. Announcers used to creep from studio to studio with their faces swathed in crêpe, and leave the building heavily disguised. Play producers invented comic names for themselves in case it should be thought that they were trying to advertise themselves. What do we see now? Mr. John Pot and Mr. Harry Kettle are on every hoarding. Mr. Eric Maschpleasure stares at one from the front page of every newspaper. We are invited to a private view of the announcers' homes. We know their habits and their hobbies, how many children they have and what little Jackie said yesterday at breakfast that made Daddy laugh so.

I do not grudge these good people their publicity if it gives them any pleasure, but if they are to be allowed to have it the B.B.C. must overhaul its ideas about advertising and publicity. To use a phrase much loved in broadcasting circles, the B.B.C. must consider the matter *de novo*. It must decide why it simply is not done for a comedian to make a joke about Hartridges and why at the same time it is permissible for a member of its staff to make a public appearance at Hartridges. Otherwise, I shall accuse it of humbug, and that would be a pity.

The Saturday Review

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